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STAR OF THE MORNING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

I.

Star of the Morning! I behold
Thy beams upon the glancing rill
That dances like love's earliest smile,
From yonder overhanging hill—
I see the stream in all its light,
And yet around me night, still night!

II.

Star of the Morning! ah, I know
Thy beams are o'er my loved ones thrown,
The ones whom yet I fondly call
In my heart-brokenness my own—
Shine on! shine on! thou givest *them* light;
Then what to me the night, still night?

III.

Star of the Morning! I behold
Thy beams, and on them clearly see
A prophet-radiance that shows
The pathway to eternity—
Then what to me this mortal night?—
With them and me light, only light!

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" cried Blanche, fairly trembling, for almost the first time in her life, at the terrible thought of re-capture; "to be taken now is tenfold worse than death!"

"We will not be taken alive, Miss Blanche! we will not be taken alive!" was the hurried response of Eugene. "It is liberty or death!"

"On! on!" cried Seth, straining every nerve himself, and half lifting Blanche from her feet. "Hurry on, gal! do your purtiest now! for thar's agwine to be some awful close dodging! Keep amazing quiet, too—for the yelping brutes is a coming out in every direction; but the darkness 'll kiver us ef we don't run agin none on 'em!"

His words contained too much of truth for the safety of the flying fugitives; for, from nearly every lodge, some startled warrior suddenly burst forth into the storm, and directed his course toward the center of the village, to the point where the alarm signal had first been given and was still sounding, uttering the while his wildest yells, with which became commingled the sharper screeches of women and children, and the baying and barking of dogs, the whole together making a scene of noise, excitement and confusion which beggars all description, and which might have completely paralyzed the nerves of any who had for the first time been greeted by such horrible sounds.

And at this moment, too, as if to make "confusion worse confounded," there arose, in the distance, a series of shouts and yells of a different nature, yet in keeping with the same, which two of our friends at least knew to proceed from the gallant scouts at the rendezvous; and soon after, the clattering and thundering sounds of their captured horses could be faintly heard, as they gallantly bore down for the town, according to previous arrangement—an arrangement which the young Virginian and the boatman now deeply regretted, since their very forethought in this respect might prove the most fatal error of their whole proceedings—for, should their friends indeed pass them in the darkness, and once become involved with their enemies, it seemed next to impossible that any should escape.

"Forward! forward! for God's sake, forward!" fairly yelled Eugene; "we must stop our friends, or all will be lost!"

Almost as he spoke, a shadowy figure, faintly seen, appeared suddenly before the fugitives, within reaching distance, and a quick ejaculation in the Indian tongue warned them it was a savage foe. So suddenly, indeed, did this figure appear, looming up in the almost rayless darkness, that they were scarcely able to arrest their steps in time to avoid running against it.

But Seth Harper seemed ready for the emergency; it was a time for instant action, and for action he was nerved; and releasing the arm of Blanche, he made a sudden bound forward, and, with a sort of a wild howl, drove his knife to the very haft through the breast of the stalwart warrior. The blow was given like lightning, and instantly repeated some two or three times, with the quickness and power which belong only to Herculean strength and great muscular ability. And as the warrior sunk down with a yell of surprise, terror and pain, Seth sprang back to Blanche, and almost dragging her over his prostrate body, said quickly, though somewhat coolly and half regretfully:

"On, friends, on! That thar red nigger's dead meat, but thar's no time to stop for his feather-twisted scalp!"

The detention of the party by this bloody adventure, was scarcely of half a minute's duration; but the different exclamations had been heard by other savages in the vicinity, who forthwith began to hasten their steps toward the point from which our friends were now so eagerly flying.

"On! on! for the love of God!" cried Eugene.

"Yes, on! on!" responded Seth; "for thar 'll soon be twenty howling devils over that nigger's carcass, jest like so many vultur's over a dead wolf!"

Fortunately our friends met with no other interruption till they reached the outskirts of the village, the distance to which was not far, though the terrible screeches and yells all around them, on every side, sometimes sounding only within a few feet, told them how providentially they were actually taking their course through living lines of the most imminent danger.

SETH HARPER REMOVES AN OBSTACLE.

Scarcely had they gained the outer limits of the village and the edge of the open field, however, when the thundering tread of a small party of horse, with the united yells of their riders, the gallant scouts, warned them that they had now reached a fearful crisis of their fate! for if these passed them, farewell to hope!

"Hold! hold! for God's sake, hold! We are here! here! Save us! save us!" shouted Eugene.

"Hurray for old Wirginy and old Kaintuck!" yelled Seth, at the very top of his lungs, his loud, hoarse voice seeming to rise above and almost drown all other sounds.

His words were heard and understood, though those of Eugene were not. And they were heard and understood not a moment too soon; for the foremost horseman was almost upon them; and as the fiery animal sprung aside, so as barely to clear the party on foot, and was suddenly reined around by his strong and active rider, the dirt of his heels was thrown sharply against the bodies and faces of our friends.

"Yep-ho! he-yoah!" he yelled at the same time, so loudly and shrilly as to reach the ears of his companions, and bring them thundering to his side, for this was a signal which all understood.

But there was great danger in this movement, made as it was in the awful darkness; and had not those on foot started back a few paces, they would have been thrown down and trampled upon by the rushing and wheeling beasts.

"Who's thar?" immediately called out the same voice, the instant the others had been brought to a halt—a voice which was immediately recognized by Seth and Eugene as belonging to the renowned and daring Simon Kenton.

"Here we is, the hull o' us—the Cunnel's darter and all—and only one red nigger's blood drawed on the way!" called out Seth. "But here we'll be spilte humans soon, ef you don't take us aboard, for we've stirred up the whole hornet's nest, as you can hear for yourselves, and some of the buzzing varmints will be arter us for a sting. Hark! thar they come now!"

"Quick! quick! for God's sake!" shouted Eugene; "let Miss Blanche here be mounted before it is too late!"

As he spoke, several loud, wild, fierce, demoniac yells were uttered a short distance behind them, accompanied by a discharge of firearms, more than one ball of which came whizzing past in close proximity to those at whom they had been fired at random.

"Here! here!" called out several voices at the same time, as most of the scouts instantly flung themselves from their horses, each holding his animal for the mounting of the fair fugitive.

Blanche was immediately hurried forward by Seth and Eugene, and, almost ere she was aware, was lifted and placed upon the back of a fiery animal, with the strong arm of a gallant rider thrown securely around her waist. Almost at the same moment Seth and Eugene mounted themselves behind two others, and then the stentorian voice of the leader sung out:

"Ready, boys?" And the instant he received an affirmative response, he added: "Back to the meeting-place for the t'other hosses!"

Away the whole party instantly flew like the wind—the scouts, with a faculty amounting almost to instinct, being able to correctly guide their horses to the point they wished to reach.

But on reaching it they found, to their great chagrin, that the other horses, which they had left in the care of the negro, were gone. Kenton ripped out a few savage oaths, and was instantly joined by most of the others, each in his own characteristic manner.

"Thar it is agin!" cried Seth; "ef that thar blundering fool of a greasy black nigger don't be the death o' all o' us, it won't be his fault; for he's tried hard enough, ever sence the first minute I sot eyes onto his wool, that's a p'inted fact! Leave him with the hosses!" he continued, savagely. "Why, I wouldn't trust him with a dead skunk! *He'll never be easy till he gets that thar black skin o' hisn burnt off o' him; and ef ever I goes* to save him agin, you can bile me owis for pigeons."

And with this he began to shout alternately, "Black nigger! Snowball! Duke!" at the very top of his lungs; till, getting somewhat out of breath, he fairly rounded up with a volley of the most wicked oaths that he could think of, and positively swore that, "ef ever he got hold o' the nigger agin, he'd skin him alive!"

But this was a waste of time, and amounted to nothing; for the negro was gone, and so were the spare horses; and as the Indians were still heard yelling out their rage and alarm, and a party of them apparently drawing nearer, it became a matter of the most desperate importance for our friends to continue their flight in the best manner they could.

"Quick! quick!" shouted Eugene, almost wildly; "let some plan be instantly settled upon for our immediate escape! If we cannot go singly, some of our horses must carry double, as they already have done; but I must insist upon Miss Blanche being put under my charge!"

"Yes! yes!" returned Blanche: "I will go with you, Eugene! I will go with you! and may God send us deliverance from our foes!"

To make the change required, occupied but a few moments; and then the stentorian voice of Kenton was heard giving rapid orders:

"We'll take to the woods together," he said, "and try to keep together. Let every man look to his arms, and be ready to do his duty in old Kaintuck and Wirginy fashion!—and let every man, too, hev his eye to the pertection of the gal! We'll strike off to the right here, and try the best as we knows how to hit the bank of the Little Miami; and ef we can reach and keep down that, and not run afoul of none o' the t'other red niggers as is out arter us, we'll do some tall traveling as soon as it comes light, and fotch our hosses and our scalps cl'ar into Fort Washington afore another night!"

With this the whole party struck into the woods, and set off on a journey which was destined to be attended with the most fearful of perils, as the sequel of our story will show.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

It would be impossible for any pen to accurately portray the strange and contending emotions which agitated the breast of Eugene Fairfax, as, so deeply idolized, he plunged on through the dark woods, in company with his rude friends of the border, in his attempt to escape from his savage enemies.

Blanche Bertrand was no longer a captive; she had by stratagem been rescued from him who would have given his life to retain her; she was now free, and in the possession of him who would have given, and who would still give, his life for her salvation; his strong, nervous arm now encircled her lovely form; and all this tended to fill his soul with great joy: but she was not yet free from danger; a long, uncertain journey yet lay between her and a point of safety; pursuing and vindictive enemies were behind; outlying and equally vindictive enemies were perhaps before; and all this tended to fill his soul with a great and terrible fear; so that the contending emotions shook his strong frame, and made him tremble like a child. In the deep, dark wood, too, where he now was, no object could be seen; by the sense of hearing only could he and his ruder companions keep together; the ground, moreover, was rough and uneven; trees, branches, brush and rocks were continually in his path; the rope halter, for it scarcely amounted to a bridle, by which he sought to manage his horse, gave him no sure command over the fiery animal; and hence there was a continual risk of a bruise against a tree, a fall over some rock—*of both being swept from the beast by some low, extending branch*—or of the escape of the animal *by his own will; so that so much caution* was continually required as to make his progress slow, uncertain, and even fearful.

For something like half an hour, scarcely a word was spoken by any—the scouts, in advance of Eugene and his fair companion, picking their way forward as best they could, though without even being positively certain themselves of their direction—and our hero following on, partly by sound, and partly by the inclination of his horse.

As Blanche sat in front of Eugene—holding on by the mane with one hand, and clinging to him with the other, while one of his arms was thrown around her, the better for her support—he more than once heard her draw a quick, long breath, something like a sigh, and felt her whole frame quiver like an aspen.

"Are you alarmed, Miss Blanche?" he at length ventured to inquire, in a low, cautious tone.

"Oh, Eugene," she replied, "I scarcely know how to answer you; but I certainly feel very weak and very nervous—very strangely, indeed, at least for me—and I would not like to deny that I am losing much of the courage which has heretofore sustained me through all the trying scenes that have befallen me. It is so strange to think that only little more than half an hour ago I was the prisoner of a wicked man, surrounded by his barbarian tools, with scarcely the faintest hope of escaping from him by any other means than death—and believing that you, my dear friend, were either killed, or badly wounded, or at least again a wretched captive—and now to find myself not only liberated, but liberated by you, or through your means, and *with* you escaping from a doom, the very recollection of which sends a shudder through my frame!"

"I do not wonder at your losing your courage, Miss Blanche!" he rejoined; "for you have experienced enough to shake your nervous system to its very center; and courage mostly depends upon the condition of the nerves."

"But it is not altogether what I have passed through," said Blanche, "but what yet may be before us. This sudden deliverance seems more to have unnerved me than my first captivity and all the trials which followed. I was prepared for the worst, but scarcely for the best; and the sudden leap from despair to hope, made me weak and tremulous; and the bare thought of re-capture, now affects me most painfully! We must not be taken again, Eugene! It would be certain death for you—a death, perhaps, of slow and lingering torture; and it would be still worse than death for me—even a life-long and hopeless captivity; and if I had a thousand lives, I would rather be slain a thousand times, than fall again into the hands of that villain Hawley!"

"Sooner than that," returned Eugene, "I could find it in my heart to send a ball through yours!"

"And I would bless you for the deed, Eugene, knowing as I do how much misery it would save me, and how much pain it would cost you!"

"Oh, no, Miss Blanche—I crave your pardon—you know *not*, you cannot know, the pain it would cost me, to send you to another existence!" replied Eugene, in a low, tremulous voice, and with perceptible agitation.

"Nay, Eugene, but I *do* know!" persisted the other. "Have I not seen, have I not felt, how much more than your own life my existence is to you?"

"Ha! Miss Blanche—what do you mean? what do your words import?" almost gasped the other, his whole frame trembling like an aspen.

"Construe them to suit your hope," said Blanche.

"Great Heaven!" burst from the other; "is it possible that—that——"

He paused, seemingly overpowered by his thoughts and feelings, and Blanche instantly rejoined:

"It is possible—nay, it is true—that you have more than once risked your life to save mine—that you have saved me from more than death—and that I owe my life to you! Oh, Eugene! none but myself and the Great Being who sees all things, know the mental agony I suffered during even my short captivity! and how my soul fairly seemed to shrink and wither within me, whenever I came in contact with that terrible villain, who appeared to me a greater monster than even the worst of the savages themselves!"

"And yet you spoke him bravely!" said Eugene; "for I was an eye-witness of your last interview, and failed to detect any sign of timidity or fear in you."

"Ah! were you indeed present when he was harrowing up my feelings with an account of your capture and probable death?"

"I heard every word, and noted every movement," replied Eugene; "and had the blow fallen with which he at one time menaced you, we might none of us be living now, but he at least would have been sent to settle his wicked account in the other world!"

"Yes, I spoke him bravely," rejoined Blanche, "for I had nerved myself to that desperate point; it was the only hope I had of keeping his foul hands from me; to have shown the faintest sign of fear, would have given him an advantage from which I could never have recovered; but my brave words, and external appearance, were but as a cloak to conceal my internal trembling wretchedness; and you must have seen at times, when thrown off my guard by the cunning Hawley, how deep and terrible were my feelings!"

"I did," returned Eugene; "and the feelings which stirred my whole being then, may be described as the commingling of the highest joy with the deepest gloom and despair!"

Blanche and Eugene continued to converse a few minutes longer, in a similar strain, as they slowly picked their way after the others, though not with such a forgetfulness of where they were, *and the surrounding dangers*, as to fail to listen *with startled keenness* to every unusual sound. *The screeches and yells of their savage enemies* had long since died away to silence; *but the rain* still continued to fall with driving force, and the wind swept over the great, dark forest with a soughing sound, that tended to press upon their hearts with heavy gloom, though they were not unmindful how much they owed to the darkness and the storm for their sudden deliverance and their present condition of comparative safety.

Having at length entirely suspended their conversation, they continued to ride on in the same manner some half an hour more, when the scouts in advance came to a halt, and Kenton, in a low, guarded tone, addressed Eugene as he rode up.

"Here's a stream here, young man," he said—"at least as nigh as I can make it out, for I hears running water—and we think it's the Little Miami; and ef it ar', all you've got to do, is to keep along down the banks on 't, and it'll take you to the Ohio; and then keep along that, to the right from whar you strike it, and it'll soon fotch you to Fort Washington."

"Why do you address me so particularly on the matter?" inquired Eugene. "I trust you do not think of leaving us?"

"Not ef we can help it, young man; but it's best to be prepared for whatsomever may turn up. It seems quite like to me that we may hev a brush with the red skins afore we git through; and ef we do happen to git into a scrimmage, you'd best not come in, but break away ahead as fast as your hoss can carry you, and not draw rein short of Fort Washington!"

"But why do you think we shall fall in with a party of Indians in this direction?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"Don't know as I do think it, partikerly," replied the gallant woodsman; "but ef the brutes is out all around, in every direction, thar's no knowing what may chance, and it's jest as well to be on the safe side."

"I sincerely thank you for myself, and in behalf of Miss Bertrand, for your information, caution, and suggestion, and will endeavor to profit by it," replied the young Virginian. "It is a very perilous journey, and I so feel it, but I hope and pray that nothing may occur to separate us! How far do you think we now are from the village?"

"Not fur, I reckon," answered Kenton; "not half as fur I wish we war; not more'n two or three miles, I 'spect."

"Good Heavens! so near to our enemies still? If then they have followed us, they may be close behind, and come upon us unawares!"

"I don't think the brutes war near enough to hev followed us by thar ears," returned the leader, "and tharforsomever that they don't know which way we went. Ef they'd knowed we war coming here, they mought hev been here ahead of us—for we've come a round-about direction, and gone much furder to git here than it would take to go straight back."

"Had we not better push on at once then?" was the anxious inquiry.

"We'll try and push on awhile, anyhow, and then hold up for the fust streak of day, for fear we haint got exactly the right direction."

With this the journey was again resumed, and slowly continued for perhaps an hour more, when Kenton again ordered a halt, and stated his intention of keeping his present position till morning.

The different parties now dismounted, the horses were brought together and carefully secured, and

a vigilant and anxious watch was kept till the first dull gray of morning began to scatter the awful blackness, and show a dim outline of surrounding objects, which was the signal for remounting and again resuming the journey with what speed they could.

Accordingly the whole party were soon under way again, and riding at a comparatively swift pace along the banks of a swollen stream, which was believed to be the Little Miami. As it gradually grew lighter, the pace was gradually quickened, and in something like half an hour their horses were all put to their mettle; for all were now firmly convinced that the Indians were beginning to set out upon their trail; and with the dangers which might lie before, it certainly behooved them not to permit themselves to be overtaken by the party behind.

On, on they sped, for another half hour; when suddenly the foremost horsemen reined in their steeds; then a few quick words passed between them and the next that came up, who also brought their horses to a halt; and as Eugene reined up his, in not a little alarm, he heard a thundering, floundering sound to the left; and ere he could fairly comprehend what the danger might be, he caught the glimpse of a horse rushing from a thicket toward his party, which animal he believed to be the foremost of his savage pursuers.

Instantly three or four rifles were brought to bear upon the beast; and as their reports rung out, down went the animal, and over his head went the rider, uttering a wild, fearful yell, that echoed and re-echoed far and wide through the great, gloomy forest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ENVIRONED BY FOES.

For a few moments there was a scene of some excitement, and the noise of several loud voices all speaking together; but as Eugene, having an eye to the safety of Blanche, was about to wheel away his horse, and plunge across the stream, he heard, to his great surprise, a few fell-known words screeched out, in tones of the most painful terror:

"De Lor' Golly Hebbens! Murder! fire! help! Help! murder! fire!"

"Why, it is only my poor Duke, after all—I pray Heaven he is not wounded!" said Blanche, anxiously. "Where can he have been? and from whence can he have come? Hasten to him, Eugene! hasten to him!"

Eugene instantly threw himself from his horse, as did also several of the scouts, Seth Harper among the number, and, hurrying up to the poor fellow, found him lying on his back, his face and hands all bloody, his garments halt torn from his person, and his wounded beast, now in the very agonies of death, some few feet behind him.

But if Duke himself was wounded, he certainly was not killed—for with his eyes closed, and his hands held up imploringly, he was still shouting with all his might:

"Murder! fire! help! Help! murder! fire!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Eugene; "I fear one of your balls has struck him!"

"Not him, I reckon," returned Seth; "for that thar's one of the black niggers as no ball 'ud be likely to tetch—and nothing else harmful nyther—kase he's got as many lives as ary cat. Here, you yelping hound!" continued Seth, stooping down, seizing one of Dukes arms, and fetching him into a sitting posture with a jerk; "open your eyes, and shut that big mouth o' yourn, or I'll jest jump down your throat without no grease on to me!"

"Golly hebbens!" exclaimed Duke, looking up suddenly, and then staring about him in perfect amazement; "why, Marse Seth, is dat dar you? and Marse Eugene, too? and all de rest *ob de good* gentlem'? Why, you must just 'scuse dis pusson for 'sposing you was all Injuns!"

"Are you hurt, Duke? are you wounded?" inqired Eugene, anxiously.

"Just a few scratches, Marse Eugene, dat I got coming through the brushes—dem's all, dey is—and dem's nuffin, dem isn't."

"Whar on this almighty 'arth did you come from, anyhow, you beauty?" inquired Harper.

"Well, you see, I'll just tole you, Marse Seth. You see dey left me up dar wid de hosses, and——"

"Yes, you blundering fool!" interrupted the other; "and you jest put off and left *us* like the skeered black nigger you war; and ef we all 'aint in the hands of the Injuns now, through another of your infarnal blunders, thar's no thanks due you! I hev a great notion to cut a stick and gin you a good trimming!"

"Dar now—dar now, Marse Seth—dat dar's a cl'ar case, dat is; and if you'll just hole up, I'll just tole you all about it. You see, it was just dis way: You see, arter I's heerd de Injuns hollering, and dese gentlem', too, de hosses dey got awful fractious, and wouldn't stand still no how; and some o' dem got away, dey did; and den dis pusson knowed as de Injuns was agwine to make a run for't; and I's 'cluded I'd just better jump on to de back ob the fastest and try for to head 'em off!"

"Wall, Snowball, you oughter jest a headed your head agin a rock, and butted your infarnal brains out, and then you'd a done your country some sarvice!" growled the angry boatman.

"No, Marse Seth," returned Duke, seriously, "dat dar isn't de way as dis pusson fights."

"Come! come!" said Eugene, anxiously; "we are delaying too long here! We must contrive some way to take Duke with us, and set off again at once."

"Yes," responded Kenton, "hurry and mount, boys, for we've got no time to lose!"

In a few minutes the whole party was again under way, Duke having been assisted to a seat behind one of the scouts, to whom he now clung with a tenacity which showed he had no desire to remain behind and continue his attempt of heading off the Indians alone. The truth was, he had met with some pretty hard usage; for in his fear of the Indians, he had mounted a rather wild horse, and started him off into the woods on a venture; and the animal becoming as much frightened as his rider, had taken him an awful journey—over rocks and streams—through tangled thickets and deep hollows—up hill, and down hill, and under impeding branches—the poor fellow clinging the while to his mane, and getting terribly punished on his rough journey. But he had clung to him as his only hope, like a drowning man clinging to the rope that might save him; and by mere accident, after tearing through the woods the whole night, round and round, hither and thither, in the awful darkness, he had brought him to the only point which promised a hope of saving him, a conjunction with his escaping companions.

On, on sped our friends, for perhaps another hour—the scouts in advance of Eugene and Blanche—when suddenly a volley was poured into them from a sort of ambuscade, which one of the party of Indians mentioned by Hawley, and who were scouting for the purpose of taking them, had laid on hearing their approach. So great and sudden was this surprise, as to throw our gallant little band into confusion; and two of the party, Bowles and Kinney, fell mortally wounded, their fiery horses instantly rushing away. None of the others were seriously, but some slightly, wounded; and as they wheeled their animals for a protective retreat, a body of savages, some fifteen or twenty in number, instantly burst from the thicket, uttering their wildest yells.

"Quick! quick!" shouted the stentorian voice of Kenton: "to the water! to the water! Cross the stream, boys, at once! for thar's too many of the brutes to fight, and it's our duty to save the gal!"

Almost in the time it has taken us to record the fact, the horses were plunging through the swollen stream; and as the scouts gained the opposite bank, with a shout of defiance, several more balls of the enemy came whistling among them, but fortunately without doing any further injury. With the advantage of being mounted, our friends were soon enabled to put a wide distance between them and their assailants; but as they went dashing down the stream, they soon fancied they perceived some signs which indicated the presence of more enemies below, and they at once struck off from the river through the forest to the right. But they had scarcely proceeded a couple of miles in this new direction, when the voice of Wetzel was heard shouting forth, as he brought his own horse to a sudden halt:

"Hold up, boys! hold up! thar's another band of the red-skins full in sight!"

"Whar, Lew? whar?" demanded Kenton.

Wetzel silently pointed with his finger; and as all eyes followed the direction, the whole party simultaneously caught a view of one or two Indians at a distance, skulking along swiftly, and almost immediately covering themselves behind different trees.

"Great God!" exclaimed Eugene; "we seem to be environed indeed!"

"Remember your promise!" said Blanche, as she somewhat nervously tightened her hold, and turned her pale face toward his, though speaking with perceptible agitation: "Remember your promise, Eugene! I must not be taken again alive! Either a ball or your knife to my heart, if you find you cannot save me!"

Eugene uttered a groan, and the agony of his soul brought great beads of perspiration to his features.

"We must strike back agin to the little Miami, or across the country to the Big Miami!" said Kenton, hurriedly; "and I don't know as it makes much difference which, for the devils seem to be everywhar jest now."

"To the Little Miami, then, and let's foller that!" returned Wetzel; "for we can git ahead of these imps that thar way, and afore t'others git down, I reckon!"

"Forward, then!" cried Kenton, as he once more dashed away, the others all following close upon the heels of his horse.

On perceiving this change in the direction of our friends, the Indians at once comprehended that they had been discovered; and springing from their different coverts, they set off in a direction intended to intercept them—and, being very fleet runners, they accomplished their purpose—our scouts being obliged, in order to avoid a collision, to once more turn to the right, and strike across the country toward the Great Miami.

By this change of course they were at length enabled, after considerable hard riding, to get past the present party of their enemies; but they were obliged to take an oblique course toward the Great Miami, and maintain it even against their will; for the animals which carried double were by this time only able to keep up a rate of speed a little greater than the parties on foot; and it was believed by the more experienced, if the Indians *should continue to follow on, that even those on foot might overtake them before reaching Fort Washington, to say nothing* of those who would probably set out from the village well mounted on fresh horses.

In any view of the case, our little band regarded their position as in a high degree precarious and alarming, and consequently experienced much more uneasiness and anxiety than would have been perceived by the casual observer. That they could escape themselves, by abandoning Miss Bertrand, they did not for a moment doubt; but the idea of abandoning her never once entered into their calculations, though more than one secretly considered the propriety of letting her take the advance, and risking their own persons between her and the menacing danger from their swift-footed foes.

At length, after riding a few miles further, and finding some of their horses not a little blown, and fully aware that they would not be likely to hold out during the day, though the Indians might, and that the latter would not be likely to turn back upon so broad a trail—Kenton once more ordered a halt, this time for a hurried and anxious consultation. Quickly and briefly he stated the whole matter, his doubts and fears, and inquired what plan the others thought best to adopt under the circumstances.

"Ef you go ahead with Miss Bertrand," he said, among other things, turning to Eugene, "it's like we can do one or two things, eyther one of which may be better than what we're doing now."

"And what are they?" quickly and eagerly demanded Eugene.

"Why, we can eyther slack up, and put a determined front to the brutes as they come up, and so gin 'em a check that'll give you a good start, or we can all take different ways, each one for himself, and so puzzle 'em with the different trails; but the last I don't exactly like, kase it looks rayther coward like."

"And the first would be the throwing away of your own lives, would it not?" inquired Eugene.

"That's as it mought turn out," replied Kenton; "but I reckon thar's no one here but what's willing to stand up squar, like a man, atween Miss Bertrand and her foes."

"Ef thar is," joined in Harper, "he can jest start off now on a sneaking ventur' of his own."

"God bless you all for brave hearts!" said Blanche; "but it would deeply grieve me to think you were brought into peril on my account! Can we not all keep together, as we have done, and take still another course, trusting to Providence, or night, to eventually save us?"

"Yes! yes!" said Eugene, anxiously; "let us all keep together; and if you think we cannot pass the Indian line in the direction we have taken, suppose we turn off more to the right still, and leave them dead behind? for in a dead race those on foot would, I am almost certain, not be able to overtake us; and if there are parties mounted, we know nothing of them yet, and must take our chances. By an oblique course they may be able to head us off from Fort Washington—for they undoubtedly comprehend that our aim is thither—and as they are not now in sight, the inference is that they have taken that oblique course; and by a direct change in ours, they may not discover their mistake till too late to follow us; in which case we shall only have to fear some chance party ahead of us, and I am rather inclined to think none of the Indians are scouting in this direction."

"Thar's one plan that can save us, for sartin!" put in Harper, with a mischievous twinkle of his eye, as he cast a furtive glance at the negro, who sat trembling behind Whiteman, looking fearfully around him.

"And what's that, Seth?" demanded two or three voices in the same breath.

"Why, jest let Snowball, thar, jump down and head 'em off, like he's done two or three times afore."

This drew a laugh from some, while others looked very grave, and Duke instantly responded, in a voice of alarm:

"Dar now—dar now, Marse Seth—dat's a cl'ar case, dat is. I's tink you's too hard upon dis pusson. You see, when I's done dat dar, as you tole about, dar was de 'cessity for't, and I's done my duty, I did; but now I's tink I'd better go along wid you, and be all ready for de grand fight."

"Come! come!" said Eugene; "this is no place to waste our time in idle fooleries! Decide quickly, and let us be once more in motion. I am for heading due west, for the Great Miami—what say you all?"

The others responded that they were equally willing to divide or keep together, and would leave the matter to his decision and that of Blanche.

"Then let us turn our course and strike for the Great Miami, due west!" said Blanche.

The matter being thus finally settled, the new course was taken, and the whole party proceeded on together, in the same manner as before.

Some two hours of pretty sharp riding brought them in sight of the river they sought, which was hailed with not a little delight. During this time no signs of their enemies had been seen; and the storm having begun to abate, the broken clouds were now seen drifting overhead, with but little rain falling.

Turning down the left bank of the stream, they continued on for something like a mile, when they somewhat unexpectedly came upon a block-house, in a tolerably good condition, and having palisades on three sides of it, the fourth being protected by the steep bank of the river. The gate was in a rather dilapidated condition, and so was the enclosure generally; but the building itself appeared as if it might be capable of affording them a good defense, for a time at least, against a large body of assailants. It had evidently been sometime deserted, for grass was growing in the enclosure, and also in the opening immediately around it. It was apparent that some party had ventured here for a settlement, who, finding their position too precarious—too near their savage enemies, and too far from their civilized friends—had subsequently deserted it. This was the more probable, as there was no evidence of an assault ever having been made upon it; for if the Indians had ever carried it by storm, it was reasonable to suppose they would have destroyed it.

"Here's a good chance for us!" observed Kenton, as the whole party drew up in front, and took a deliberate survey of the premises; "and ef I knowed the Injuns had got ahead of us below, I'd most be tempted to stop here—till night, anyhow; and even as it is, I'm not sure it wouldn't be a good idee to halt here awhile, and let our hosses hev a chance to rest, for some on 'em puff and blow in a way as I don't exactly like to see."

The suggestion brought up an argument—about one-half of the number taking sides in favor of it and the other half against it. Suddenly, while the discussion was at its height, Wetzel, who had been on the side of Kenton, exclaimed:

"Look thar! look thar! thar's a settler for you!"

As he spoke, he pointed with his finger to a *thicket some distance below the party, where two or three Indians could be plainly seen standing together, and evidently*, from their appearance, as much surprised at discovering the whites as they were at perceiving them.

The inference instantly drawn was, that another party of savages, perhaps having no connection with those who had been pursuing them, had been down below on a marauding expedition, and were now on their return homeward to some town on the Great Miami. What their numbers were, our friends could not of course conjecture; they might be few, and they might be many; but Providence seemed to have brought the former into a position for immediate relief; and to fly in the face of Providence, by continuing their journey under the present circumstances, was a matter that no one for a moment counseled. All were now agreed, that nothing better could be done than to enter this place of refuge, and endeavor to make it strong against whatever force might be brought against them.

Accordingly the horses were at once ridden within the enclosure; the different parties instantly dismounted; Blanche was hurried into the block-house by Eugene, who felt greatly relieved in knowing her at least temporarily preserved from peril; and then all the men eagerly set to work to close the gate, and make such repairs to the outward defenses as their circumstances permitted and the urgency of the case demanded.

That they would soon be assailed, either by the party below or the party in pursuit, or by both together, no one doubted for a moment; and all therefore hurriedly and anxiously sought to prepare for the impending peril, each with the feelings peculiar to his own peculiar organization.

With the next terrible crisis in the fate of all, the reader shall presently be made acquainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the LEDGER containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CATS.

Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. A cat has been known, however, to evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner; and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favorite cat made her way into his prison-room by getting down the chimney. Cats have been known also to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to the State's Prison for a robbery, stated, after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Harlem. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large, black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life; and that in his alarm he made such an outcry that they had to beat a precipitate retreat to avoid detection.

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.—Paying of debts is, next to the blessing of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts and you will not have wherewith to purchase a costly toy, or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts and you will not have what to lose to a gamester. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences that cannot fail to end in the utter destruction, both of soul and body.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTERS;

OR,

HOW THE BABY GOT THE GIRLS OFF.

BY CORA BELL

There was no mistaking it, despite of their youth, (sweet seventeen and eighteen,) Squire Tartuffe's daughters were the two plainest girls in the village; both had red—yes, we must reluctantly say—red hair, for not the most poetic imagination could have termed Anna Maria and Sally Tartuffe's hair any other color. Now we have a vague memory that, in the old classic times, for ladies to have red hair was quite the "cheese;" Cleopatra, the fair Helen, and other dames equally famous and romantic, had, if we mistake not, hair of that celestial hue; and in the radiant locks of Adrienne de Cordoville, Sue made an attempt to make it fashionable again. But it was "no go." Unfortunately there is in modern days a popular prejudice against the sanguine tint, and from this prejudice the little village of —— was not exempt; so that poor Anna Maria and Sally were never mentioned but that their obnoxious hair was dragged in, and spoken of in the most depreciating terms.

The sisters were very like, and had the same light-blue eyes, freckled faces, and thin, awkward figures. Some people thought that they had a very kind look in those eyes, and that their voices were low and sweet; but what was that? the young men wouldn't come on, while every other girl in the village had beaux in scores.

Mrs. Tartuffe was in despair. Like all mothers, she was anxious to get her girls married. She had been a belle and a beauty herself, and even now, with her sparkling black eyes, plump little figure, and rosy cheeks, presented a dangerous contrast to her less attractive-looking daughters. She was one of your strong-minded, clear-sighted women, too, who never let their affections run away with their judgment. She did not fall into the maternal error that Esop relates of the "Owl and her little ones," imagining her girls the handsomest in the world: not a bit, the good lady was rather plain-spoken on that point, and was fond of hinting that she wished to goodness her girls were as good-looking as she had been at their age. That they took after their father's family, Tartuffe's, every inch, &c.

"No, my dear, I see no way of getting those girls off my hands," said she, addressing her spouse, who, after the fatigue of a day's farming, was enjoying his favorite luxuries, a smoke and a glass of ale, brewed by the fair hands of Anna Maria, or Nancy, as the good man persisted in calling her, much to the horror of Mrs. Tartuffe, who was fond of fine names.

"It's true what some folks say, spite or no spite, they are plain-looking; dress is of no manner of use to them, for they wont fix up like other girls; pink don't become Anna Maria, nor green Sally; I don't like them in white, and blue——"

"Well what's on now?" interrupted the squire, a fat, good-natured looking man. "I guess the girls 'll do good enough, only take them easy."

"Do good enough! jest like men, always; you haven't got no fine feelings; aint like a mother; I'm speaking of getting them married," whimpered Mrs. Tartuffe.

The squire gave a prolonged "Whew! married! why, aint they got time enough for that; Nancy's but seventeen, an' Sal sixteen."

"Anna Maria Tartuffe was eighteen years old Thanksgiving, an' Sally's agoing on seventeen," said the mother, with lofty sententiousness. "Time flies when we're taking no thought of it, Mr. Tartuffe."

Mr. Tartuffe took a vigorous pull at his ale, then scratched a huge red head, to which Sal's and Anna Maria's bore a decided resemblance.

"Well, I guess that's a fact, old woman; but that's nothin', I aint tired of my girls," said he, affectionately; "they be good girls, an' beauty's only skin deep, after all."

"I wish you always thought so," Mr. Tartuffe, exclaimed his better half, glancing indignantly at the opposite mirror. "When I think of the offers I had; but I was too——"

"Too fond of me, wasn't that it, little wife?" interrupted the squire, bestowing a hearty kiss upon the lips of his irritated lady. "I guess you was real handsome, but it wasn't that caught me altogether," said he, more seriously. "Widow Smith's daughter was good and dutiful; an' though ye did leave smarter chaps after ye than me, Sal, I've been grateful for it. Dang it, but our girls 'll do good enough too, only don't be down on them."

Now Mrs. Tartuffe had been brought up at a boarding-school, and her motherly zeal to make her girls genteel led her to indulge in a system of snubbing, or "being down on them," as the squire termed it, which had in no degree tended to the improvement of the young ladies' tempers; for what with being constantly told to stiffen their knees, to keep down their shoulders and hold up their heads, with similar directions equally conducive to grace and elegance, the poor things had become quite undecided in the disposal of these unruly members, and never seemed happy but when out of their mother's sight altogether.

Naturally innocent and unaffected girls, from constant drilling they had become as shy and timid as hares; and so morbidly conscious were they of their want of personal attractions that they would have been quite contented to remain in single-blessedness all their lives, if permitted to remain so in peace.

Not that we mean to insinuate that the Misses Tartuffe never thought of such things as beaux—no, the feminine instinct was too strong for that; indeed, but for the snubbing and drilling system we have mentioned, we would say they were decidedly impressible girls, else why did Anna Maria run instead of walk to the window, to look after that "sweet young man, Mr. Jones, going to meeting, with those two dear little orphans dressed in white, with long black sashes, and straw hats with streamers of black ribbon, looking so mournful." Else why did Sally more than once forget her shyness, and linger at the farm-gate, on purpose to have a chat with Seth Penrose, the young miller, as he passed on his way home from the mill.

These gentlemen Mrs. Tartuffe had done her best to encourage—but smiles, hints and other diplomatic devices had hitherto been exerted in vain—they seldom came to Squire Tartuffe's, and when they did it was noon Sundays, or evenings, when the girls, arrayed in their brightest and best, and looking so genteel, (that is, as frightened and stuck up as possible,) were seated in the parlor, busy at that eternal Berlin wool work, which the squire "guessed took a darned lot of wool and time to finish it;" but on some unlucky morning, when Sally, dressed in that old cotton frock she had grown out of, with glowing cheeks and tucked up elbows, was helping the solitary handmaiden to do the washing, or when Anna Maria was milking the cow or weeding the onion-beds—then they would be sure to drop in.

And though it had once soothed Mrs. Tartuffe's irritated feelings when Sally murmured excusingly, 'that she thought Seth Penrose rather liked that old frock, for he said it was jest the length to show what a pretty foot she had," (a fact that the discontented mother had almost forgotten,) and Anna Maria whispered that Mr. Jones had hinted pretty strongly that the Misses Tartuffe looked charming from being up so early, but the transient hopes excited by these and equally gallant remarks vanished into air as time passed on. Mr. Jones had been seen going more than once in the week to black-eyed Miss Spicer's, at the head of the village; and Seth Penrose had passed the door every day for a fortnight, on his way to the mill, and never once called in.

Mrs. Tartuffe would have scolded the girls—bought new clothes and dressed them up finer and gayer than ever—just to spite Seth, Jones, and that odious Kitty Spicer—but that an event occurred which engaged her own immediate attention, and caused such a bustle of importance in the household as made every other matter for the time being to dwindle into complete insignificance.

Mrs. Tartuffe presented her liege lord with a baby, a girl too, to her own mortification, for she had counted on its being a boy; "but then such a girl!" she complacently murmured, as she gazed into its tiny face. "A beauty in the family at last! It didn't take after the Tartuffes, not a bit; no, there were her own great black eyes, and hair like the raven's wing," as Anna Maria poetically said.

And a beauty baby decidedly was. Dame Nature seemed determined to atone for any previous neglect; for such another dear, laughing, rosy, roly-poly was never born. Fanny Fern would have presented one of her most charming 'Fern Leaves' to that "blessed baby;" and it deserved it too—for its advent poured a tide of life and light into every nook and cranny of the old homestead. Mrs. Tartuffe forgot to snub—the squire to growl—the girls to pout; even the poor "help" looked bright and cheery; and the whole party, in the fullness of their hearts, agreed on one subject—that was, to hug and kiss the little stranger to any amount.

Its bright eyes—its soft, velvet cheeks—its chubby limbs, were ceaseless themes of admiration and delight. Sally's eyes grew radiant when telling father how baby knew him, and laughed and crowed when he came home of evenings; and she had been so intent talking to it in the grass-plot that Seth Penrose had twice passed the garden-fence, and had peeped through, and coughed, and whistled in vain, for Sally had never heard him; and Anna Maria had come out so strong on "that baby," when father and her stopped to speak to Mr. Jones last evening, that she quite lost her shyness, and only recovered it when she found the "sweet young man" looking so earnestly in her face.

Baby! wonderful baby! had commenced the important process of cutting its first tooth, and Mrs. Tartuffe was again beginning to doubt that she could ever get the girls off her hands, when entering the back parlor one evening she was arrested by a masculine voice, saying:

"Blame me! Sal, if I wouldn't like a baby jest like that!"

There was a struggle and something like a kiss; yes, a kiss, decidedly. Didn't Mrs. Tartuffe know the sound of kissing. We rather think she did. She was about to retreat, very considerately, when a diplomatic thought struck her, and she went in. My! there on the sofa, sure enough, sat Seth Penrose; (she thought she knew that voice;) one hand dangling his straw hat, the other round Sally's waist; while baby, who seemed to have its mother's genius for "sparkin'," laughed and crowed between them.

Her hopes having received confirmation, the delighted lady was about to withdraw apologetically; but the young miller started up, his sun-burnt face glowing like a peony, and stammered out:

"Don't go, ma'am; guess you've found us out; but it's all right; Sal and I jest feel like gettin' married, an' we're agoing to ask you and the squire if it's agreeable."

That evening at supper, the fair Anna Maria was not to be found. The squire, with an arch twinkle of his eye, said "that he had seen Mr. Jones and her sitting very lovingly under the old maple-tree, near the church, and he guessed if baby didn't hurry up, he'd have no one to fill his pipe or brew him a mug of ale, as the girls were gettin' off his hands at last."

IN THE PLACE OF GOD.

Young father and mother did it ever enter your mind that you are anointed of God to stand in His place and represent His character to your child?

Do you remember that you are—*every one of you*—commanded to be like God: not like Him in power, but like Him in disposition, and in your government of your children? You are to teach them that your will, not theirs, must be done. You are to be tender and gentle, but ever firm and wise in your government of them. Begin with your babe, and you will have little trouble with your larger child. Teach him betimes that he *cannot* have all that he wants, or be always indulged for much crying. Be not impatient, be not violent, be not untrue to your little child. He looks to you as you *ought* to look to God for the formation of character; and you may be sure that his character will grow closer to the pattern you act out than to any which your words may set forth. Oh! be wise in time. Sow not seeds for raising scourges for your elder years. Understand *now* what is true parental kindness to that helpless, ignorant little creature. If you do not study and try to act upon the pattern which God has given you in Himself, be not astonished though One cometh suddenly unto your dwelling to bear its delight away.

A. H.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME.

It is a foolish sanguine temper, a depending on contingent futurities, which occasions a romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs—

"The man who lives by hope will die by hunger."

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so highly vaunted upon.

MATRIMONY AND SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Matrimony.—Hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, (ahem!) shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, &c.

Single Blessedness.—Sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, flabby steak, dull razors, corns, coughs and cholics—rhubarb, aloes, misery, &c. Bah!

HOME.

BY M. S.

I've wander'd thro' that Indian land,
Where Nature wears her richest hue;
I've stood upon the Grecian strand,
And gaz'd upon its waters blue;
I've stray'd beneath a myrtle grove
On Arno's banks when the sun was set,
And heard the Italian's song of love
Come sweetly from his gondolet;
But still, where'er my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

The gaudy plants of Tropic skies,
That proudly stand in gorgeous bloom,
Though deck'd in beauty's richest dyes,
Are yet divested of perfume;
One wild flow'r of my native vale,
The jasmine, round my cottage twin'd,
That flings its fragrance on the gale,
Is dearer, sweeter to my mind.
For wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

The birds, in gayest plumes array'd,
No music warble from their throats,
But break the silence of each glade
By tuneless, harsh, discordant notes;—
As up the vault of heaven he springs,
The modest lark 's more dear to me,
Shaking the dew-drops from his wings
And wafting wildest melody.
Yes! wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

Ah, those happy days have vanished,
And it boots not to remember
That the past was so delicious,
Since its happiness is o'er.
You may kindle in the morning
Some last night's half-buried ember,
But the flame of love, extinguished,
Can be kindled, never more! M. W. S. G.

I had always wondered why my aunt, Rose Sargeant, was an old maid. It is only since her departure for the West, some two years ago, that I have known the truth. On parting with me, she put a small black book into my hands. I read it, after she had gone; and there, in that desultory journal, I found the history of her life in the copies of two letters which had been sent to her only confidential friend. I give them as I read them. No doubt there are many such histories concealed in many a faithful heart, if one could only know them:—

And so, my dear Jennie, you have a strong desire to look once more deep into the old maid's heart? The time has been, Jennie, when that heart was younger and gayer than it is now, and every one of its secrets was well known to you. But the time has gone by—more's the pity! And women like you and me, who are going down the hill of life so slowly but surely, do not often stop to look back upon the green hills that lie behind them—or if they do, they let a momentary pang at their hearts testify to the strength of their memories, and keep silence. There are wrinkles on my brow now, Jennie, where your lips used often to lie, and the hair you used to praise is full of silver threads; but since you desire it, I will fancy myself young once more, and speak of the days and the people that we two knew long ago.

Do you remember how pleasantly the sunlight used to lie over that quiet little mountain village, where our early years were spent? We came to some time for us to learn to know each other, for I was proud and you were shy. But when all such barriers had been broken down by time and constant intercourse, how we loved each other, Jennie. How we used to stroll out through the town, and stand upon the hill from which it took its name, to watch the setting and the rising of the sun. How fair and still the country looked, over which we gazed; and with what a thrill of delight I used to point out my own Green Mountains to your view, and show you, with minute exactness, just where the beautiful town that was my abiding-place, was lying. How often we got leave of absence of a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, and went down to the great brick house, close upon the banks of the Connecticut, that was your own dear home. Do you remember those days? The sails upon the river; the Sunday evening strolls upon its banks, with some we shall never meet again; the jokes of your brother Will; the fun and frolic of your fair-haired sisters, Abby and Julia, who could never tease us half enough; the playful antics of your dog and cat; and last, though not least, the musical reunions in the parlor, when we all sung together, as I hope we shall one day sing again, in heaven? I know not how it may be with you, but these quiet and simple delights are the sweetest memories of my life; and often, often Jennie, I sit and think of them till the tears come to my eyes, and I wish, in a kind of passionate prayer, that those days may come again, if only for a brief time, to cheer my lonely heart.

There is one thing, Jennie, which I know you have not forgotten. We were there at school at "The Terrace" during the last and most beautiful part of the brightest summer of my life. I may well call it so, for never, since that time, has the sky or the earth looked half so fair. I love Nature now far better than I did then, but never, for me, has she put on the same glory since. I suppose a glamour was over my eyes. But this I know, could I but gaze once more upon the fairy land I lost forever then, could I see the same glorified sky, the same enchanted earth, and feel the same sweet winds that played around me then, I should be almost content to die!

What was I about to say? Oh, I remember! That you had never forgotten one thing, dear Jennie. And this it is.

We were at "The Terrace," you know, through the winter and the spring. When the trees began to bud, and the ground to be firm and dry, you and I used to take long walks in the beautiful twilight. It was not right or proper, (according to the rules of the school,) for any gentleman to share those walks. Nevertheless, a certain window, directly across the street from yours, used often to swing open, just as we were issuing from the gate of your boarding-house, and stay open, long enough for a quick telegraphic sign to be exchanged between the occupants of that room and us. The consequence of which was, as you very well know, that we were not always alone, as we wandered through the moonlit recesses of Follett's Grove; and that more vows of love were made on those occasions than either you or I, I am afraid, had ever resolution enough to keep.

You remember well the faces of those friends of ours. One was modeled after that of Napoleon, the conqueror. And yet, without a particle of its sternness, and with a smile, half sweet, half melancholy, lingering around the chiseled lips, that gave an indescribable charm to the whole countenance. The other—ah, what words can describe that face! I have its "counterfeit presentment" here before me, and the likeness is so true and faithful that it makes my heart ache to look upon it. The same bright, bewildering smile, the same clustering curls of golden-auburn hair—the same large, beautiful, unfathomable blue eyes—oh, Jennie, Jennie, I should have been a better and a happier woman if they had never looked on me!

You remember our last walk together at "The Terrace." It was on a July evening, calm and bright and still. There were many of our schoolmates passing us in all directions, for it was the last night of school, and we were free. Alas, our freedom only brought parting with it; and though we tried to be cheerful, and speak hopefully of a speedy meeting, we knew, too well, that such a thing could never be. Once away from "The Terrace," we were parted forever. We all felt it keenly. And I can remember you, Jennie, as you stood upon the steps of the old boarding-house, that night—your face a little pensive, it may be, sad—with the soft, dark eyes lifted thoughtfully toward the full moon, and dimmed with coming tears. You are a wife and a mother now, Jennie, but I know well that neither your husband nor your children have ever seen that look—they never will!

And the next morning. We heard the early stage going its rounds before it was fairly light. We sprang up, and threw on our dressing-gowns—we drew back our curtains just enough to catch a glimpse of the carriage as it halted before that house opposite—we heard the kind good-bye's—we saw *them* come out and take their places in the stage—we saw them look up at our window, and wave their hands; and as we hastily returned the salute, the stage dashed away down the street, and they were gone!

Three years had passed away, dear Jennie, before you and I sat at that window again. The opposite one was open, but we saw strange faces there. Strange faces were in the street, and in the houses we had loved to visit. We wandered a little while over the old places, and went away. You looked lonely and desolate—but, oh, your heart could not have ached like mine. For you had forgotten the romance of your girlhood in the woman's love—while I cherished mine the more tenderly because it was all in vain. Yes, in that dear old place, I knew well how I had been deceived and trifled with, and yet the beauty of that face lived as freshly in my memory as ever, and the name of Willis Percival was as often on my lips.

"What of those three years?" I think I hear you ask. They were spent away from you and near him, but I have never spoken of them before. It was only a little while after I had said good-bye to you, there upon the steps of the boarding-house, that I was obliged to go out into the world, and fail or succeed in my undertaking there, as I might. I became a school-teacher, and had a little school down in an obscure corner of Connecticut. My scholars were the sons and daughters of farmers; my "Academy" a little, weather-beaten, brown school-house, and my associates only the grown-up sisters and brothers of those I had under my charge. How my very soul sickened in that quiet place. The days dragged on, one after another, in an unvarying monotony that almost drove me mad, and the nights were long and lonely and full of tears. I grew careless of everything; I hated myself, and all around me, and I longed for death most earnestly and sincerely, for I thought that alone could bring relief to me.

Just at this time, Willis Percival crossed my path once more. I had been playing the organ one Sunday morning, in church, and after the hymn was over I took my seat in front of the choir, and looked dreamily down upon the congregation, who were just settling comfortably into their seats to hear the sermon. Suddenly I saw a proud, graceful head, with a wealth of shining curls, that made my heart beat fast. Surely no other had such soft and shining hair! I leaned eagerly from the gallery, to look, and in doing so knocked down a prayer-book. It fell, with a loud "slam," into the pew below, and every one looked round, and up at me. But I did not heed them—I only saw him, and he was looking straight at me. He started a little, at first, and then a half amused smile stole over his face. As the confusion subsided, he turned away, and did not look up again. But when the service was over, and I came trembling down the stairs, faint and giddy with happiness, he was waiting there for me.

"Did you throw that book down to make me look up?" he asked, with a roguish smile.

I could not speak. The happiness of seeing him once more was too much. He read my feelings in my eyes, and taking my hand gave it a warning pressure, and whispered:

"Where do you live?"

I managed to tell him that.

"I shall come and see you to-night," he answered. "Now good-bye—we cannot stand here among these gaping fools any longer."

He pressed my hand and hurried away. I saw him join a dark-eyed, haughty-looking girl, and walk away with her. I knew her only by sight. Her name was Angelica Harmond, and she was the daughter of a rich city merchant, whose country seat was in the village where I was living. She looked at me very sourly, and I wondered what Willis was doing at her father's house.

But when he came to me that evening, he explained all. She was his cousin, and they had been brought up together in their childhood, so it was but natural that they should wish to meet each other again. I asked no more questions. I was contented to know that he was beside me, and my own again. The only drawback to my happiness was your absence, Jennie. But I have been thankful since that you were not there.

I do not know how that pleasant month passed away. It was the month of July, and every day had its prototype in the July of the year that had gone before. We talked of you, and of the pleasant places where we four had lingered away many an hour, and we laid plans for meeting you again, and for crossing the ocean, and finding a home in the Old World together, and many such things, at which I only smile bitterly now. But I was young then, and easily deceived.

Everything has an end, and I awoke at last from my dream. Willis left me, late one night, with an unusually tender farewell. He hung his picture around my neck with a little golden chain—this same picture that lies before me now.

"I may not see you for some weeks," he said, as he bade me good-bye. "But wear this for my sake, and meet me, when I come again, as fondly as you always do."

I promised, little knowing *what* I promised, and he left me. The Harmonds also returned to the city at the same time, and I had no one to interrupt my dreams of him. But one day the farmer at whose house I was boarding dropped his paper, and turned thoughtfully to me.

"Well, who'd ha' thought it!" he said, slowly. "I should sooner have expected it would be you, Miss Rose."

"What is it?" I asked, carelessly.

"Only some of your friends have been stepping off."

He gave me the paper, and this was what I read:

"Married, on Monday, at Grace Church, by the Rev. Alfred Carlton, Mr. Willis Percival and Miss Angelica Harmond, only daughter of Mr. Charles Harmond, all of this city."

Married! Lost to me forever! My brain whirled. I was conscious of nothing save that he was gone! I laid my head down upon the table and fainted, for the first time in my life!

I can write no more now. Farewell, for a time.

ROSE.

CHAPTER II.

I have grown wise; the disciplines and trials
Through which I passed with bitter groans and tears,
Were but the shadows on God's golden dials,
Pointing me onward to serener years.
Beneath my feet the enchanted ground is lying,
Where my soul slumbered in its onward way—
And far above such idle grief and sighing,
I watch the dawning of a brighter day. M. W. S. G.

I am looking on the face now, Jennie, that wrought all this woe. For, deny it as I may, it was the beauty of Willis Percival that I loved, and that I love still. It has infatuated me. I see him, in my mind, in all the hideous deformity of a villain and a perjured wretch, and thus I hate him. But if I cast one look upon this fatal picture, if I see, though only for a moment, the marvelous beauty of face and form, and meet those eyes of liquid blue, I am his slave again.

Yet, understand me. The Willis Percival of to-day is not *my* Willis Percival. From the day of his marriage, a strange feeling grew up within my heart. I knew that the actual lover had left me, but in his place remained the abstract image of what had been. I knew well that if that image was compared with the reality, how small and poor the actual man would seem. I knew that he was false, and mean, and cruel, and I banished him from my heart. But in his place I cherished an ideal Willis Percival, a creature of the imagination, that walked in the places where we used to walk, and spoke as he was wont to do, and smiled at me with that same proud and beautiful face. Can you understand this distinction, Jennie? or will you smile at it, and call me a visionary transcendentalist?

The years went on. I did not teach much longer, for my rich aunt, after whom I was named, died suddenly, and left me the whole of her vast property. With this news came some of another nature. A child had been born to Willis Percival—a boy, who was to take his father's name. I read the tidings with a bitter pang at my heart. Mine was no unselfish love. I felt wronged and defrauded more than ever. In his new-born tenderness for the child which should have been my own, he would have no room for a single thought of me. His haughty wife and his infant boy would fill every corner of his heart, and I might hang or drown myself without causing a single pang of sorrow to wring his breast. I grew desperate at the thought, and sickened of the place where I had last seen him. I was weary of my native country, too, and longed for an entire change. So, in order to escape from thoughts of him, and from the disgusting attentions of the fortune-hunters who began to flock around me, I sailed for Europe with a party of friends, who were about to spend some years there.

A young heiress, not bad looking, and somewhat agreeable, as I flatter myself I could be, then, if occasion required, might well attract some attention from the other sex. I found myself surrounded by flatterers and friends. But I knew them all, to the very soul, and though now and then my wayward fancy was led astray by a handsome face, or a pair of searching, dark eyes, the mere thought of my early love (not lover, strange as it may seem), and all I had suffered from it, made me cold as marble again. I gained the unenviable *title of a confirmed flirt—perhaps I glories* in it. But with all my fortune, all my friends, all the change of scene, I was still restless and uneasy, and rejoiced most heartily when the time came for returning.

It is worth while, after all, to be a native of this glorious land. I had ridiculed it before I left it, and grown angry at a thousand national peculiarities; but when, in a foreign harbor, I saw some vessel come gallantly in from sea, with the *stars and stripes* floating at her mast-head, a proud thrill ran over me from head to foot, and I thanked God that I was an American. And so, when my foot once more touched the soil of my own country, she was there, with all her faults and follies, before me, but she was America, my own proud home, and dear and beautiful and beloved, still!

I did not stay long in the city. Some hidden impulse made me hurry down into the country, to the little village where I had formerly taught school. Six years of constant travel in a foreign land had changed me greatly. I had grown healthier, happier, and browner and stouter as well. The landlord of the little inn did not recognize me, and I was willing enough to appear as a stranger, and let my former self drop out of sight forever.

Of course I asked no questions about the inhabitants of the town. But after my early tea was over, I strolled out into the village churchyard, to gain some information there. I lingered among the graves a long time, for many whom I had known were lying there. As I passed beside the headstone of one of my little scholars, I heard a childish voice behind me, singing a verse of a little hymn. I turned and saw a little boy, apparently five or six years of age, seated on the side of a grave, with his hands full of flowers. His face was turned from me, but as I stood still, admiring his slender and graceful form, set off by the fanciful sailor's dress he wore, he took off his low crowned hat, and laid it on the ground beside him.

My heart stood still for a moment. How came the child by those sunny curls, the exact counterparts of which I had kissed a thousand times. I came softly towards him till I had a fair view of his face. It was the same—the same! And yet, more beautiful and bright, because it was so innocent!

"Willis—Willis!" I cried, half unconsciously.

The boy looked up, on hearing his name, and rose up when he saw me, with a look of wonder in his face.

"Did you call me?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

A sudden fear startled me. Was that his father's grave, on which the child was sitting? I asked him, turning pale and faint as I spoke the words.

"No—it is my mother's," he answered. "She died when I was a little baby!"

"Dead! she whom I had always looked upon as my rival—whom I had almost hated for the sake of this child? I could cherish no resentment there. I could sooner have knelt down and asked forgiveness of the dry dust beneath my feet, that had once been so full of life, and health, and loveliness.

"There is papa, now, coming for me," added the boy, after a moment's pause. And before I had time to turn away, Willis Percival stood by my side.

But oh, how changed! You never would have known him, Jennie! The bright, frank aspect had fled forever—the proud head was bent, and those bright curls were streaked with grey. He looked like an old man, and yet he was only thirty-five! And this was not all. On looking at him more closely, it was plain to be seen, that neither grief nor care had done the work. The flush of intemperance was on his cheek, and a sensual expression indelibly stamped upon his mouth—that beautiful mouth, which you used to liken to Cupid's bow! Think, Jennie, of "our Willis," as a gambler, a libertine, and a drunkard. All this, it is said, he is, and has been for years.

If I had ever cherished any vain dreams about the future, had ever secretly hoped that the time might come when I might take the place, of which I had thought so often, by his side, they vanished, in that one brief moment of recognition, like the dew of summer before the morning sun. I bowed as I glanced up at him, and then walked away toward the gate of the churchyard. He followed and detained me there.

"Rose," he said, in an agitated voice, "I little expected to meet you—and here, least of all."

I looked back at the fair-haired child who was playing again upon the grave, in the light of the setting sun, and said nothing.

"I did you a great wrong once," he continued. "A wrong for which I have never been able to forgive myself. Have you ever forgiven me yourself, Rose?"

"Long ago, Mr. Percival," I answered, coldly.

He started, and a new light flashed into his eyes. They looked, for one brief moment, like the eyes I had loved so many years before.

"Rose, let me repair that wrong now," he cried, eagerly. "I am alone again, as you know. My boy's mother died years ago; will you take her place? Will you be a mother to the little child, dear Rose?"

How differently I should have heard him in my youth. But the charm was broken. I had no desire to cheat my heart with the mere semblance of what it had loved so truly, or to feed upon the empty husk of an affection so degraded by falsehood and excesses of every kind. So I only thought, for a moment, in silence, and then answered—

"I cannot be your wife."

"Why not? Oh, why not?" he cried.

"Can you ask?" I answered, with a bitter smile. "I am not meek enough to forget such an injury, though I may forgive it, and from the day you married you have been as a stranger to me. But you are, as you say, alone, and cannot give the boy the care he requires. I am rich, as you know. Let him come and live with me. I will adopt him for my own; I will educate him most liberally; and when I die, he shall be my sole heir. Do you consent?"

"Give me time to think."

I left him, and beckoned the boy to my side. He came readily, and listened to my tale of the beautiful home he should have with me, and of the milk-white pony that was to be his own, till his soft blue eyes sparkled with happiness. It was a joy, and yet a pang, to see that small, smiling face lifted up to mine. Not one look of his dead mother was there—but of his father, almost too much for me to bear.

"Will you go with me?" I asked, at last.

"Will my father come to see me often?"

Willis Percival stood beside us, as he asked the question, and waited as eagerly for the answer as he.

"Certainly," I said, gravely. And then I turned to his father, and added—

"For the sake of the child we will always be firm friends. And you shall be always welcome in my house."

He took the hand I held out to him, and raised it to his lips.

"You are a noble woman, Rose. But what must *I appear in your eyes?*"

"*Then you consent?*"

"With all my heart. *And may the boy only be* like you."

We parted then and there. On the next day he brought the boy to me, and took his leave. I began my journey with little Willis that afternoon, and reached my home safely. And with the exception of a few hours of homesickness, he has been well and happy here. We are going soon, as you know, to the west. I have purchased a beautiful place on the banks of the Wabash. There I shall bring up my boy, where no taint of city life can reach him. I must make him a *good* man, Jennie—he must never follow in the steps of his father.

We see *him* often. He stays with us for days, and the boy calls us "father" and "mother." Willis looks at me then, but I am silent. It is a pleasant sound—but, thank God, it is not really so! The romance of my youth is past, yet I would not exchange it for such a reality as would be mine were I the wife of Willis Percival.

So ends this little story of my heart, dear Jennie. For the rest, you know that I try to be useful and busy, and fill up my appointed time as best I may. It is a pleasanter life, too, than I once thought it could be. It is not the life that might have been,—but God knows what is best.

I look back upon our early life at "The Terrace," and that troubled dream of love, as a beautiful dream, which has been given me at morning that I may better support the toils and trials of life's noonday. From the wreck of those blessed hopes, I have, at least, saved two things—two friends—you, dearest Jennie, whose love, through all these years, has never failed me; and the dear boy, who looks up to me with the face his father once wore. God grant that I may see you all around me when I die! Willis—the first Willis—must be there also; I would hold his hand in mine, and look upon his child and you, as my eyes close for the last time on earth. So I shall dream my early love has come to me once more, and leave you all with a tranquil heart. Good-bye.

Your friend and sister, ROSE SARGEANT.

A CAPITAL RETORT.

Charles XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"—"Sire" said the soldier, I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done his master; you have taken from him a *kingdom*, and I have taken only a *turkey* from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his witty retort, saying to him, "Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for *myself*."

NEGRO FUNERAL.

Dr. Madden, when in the West Indies, one day, undertook to read the burial service over a negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the Doctor came to the part of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," the negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "put him in de hole first, massa,—always put him in de hole first."

ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is, that notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error, nor one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovers in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes, in their philosophers, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find such spots. And while you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of every thing, which describes nature, which recounts the creation of the heavens, of the light, of the water, the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last: it recounts them in the circumstantial language of history; it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the center of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judah; in the courts of the temple of the Jews, in the music-schools of the prophets of Bethel and of Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the center of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and of its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of Greece and Asia—the Thalesea, and the Pythagoruses, the Zalucuses, the Xenophons, and the Confuciuses. But search among its 50 authors, its 66 books, its 1189 chapters, and its 31,173 verses—search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns commit when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions or of their elements—and you will find *none*.

AN UNDERTAKER.

He is an ill-willer to the human race. He is by profession an enemy to his species, and can no more look kindly at his fellows than the sheriff's officer; for why, his profit begins with an arrest for the debt of nature. As the sheriff looks on a falling man so doth he, and with the same hope, namely—to take the body. * * * * * To be friends with an undertaker is as impossible as to be the crony of a crocodile. He is by trade a hypocrite, and deals of necessity in mental reservations and equivocations. Thus he drinks to your good health, but hopes secretly it will not endure. He bids you beware of some complaint, and recommends a quack doctor. He laments the malignant fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your complexion when it is blue or yellow; admires your upright carriage, and hopes it will break down. In short, his good wishes are treacherous; his inquiries are suspicious; and his civilities are dangerous. To meet him is *ominous. His looks* are sinister; his speech is *prophetic, and his touch is mortal. Nevertheless* he has one merit, and in this our world, and in these our times, it is a commendable one; namely, that whatever he *undertakes* he performs.

VINEGAR AND GOOSE.

Dr. Lenigar, a titular archbishop, a man of very lively parts, happened in a mixed company, to be introduced to a Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some of the company. They sat near each other at table, where the doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner. Mr. Swan, to silence him, said "Dr.——, I forget your name." "Lenigar, sir," returned the doctor. "I ask your pardon," replied Swan, "I have the misfortune scarcely ever to recollect names; you'll not be offended, therefore, if, in the course of conversation, I call you Dr. Vinegar?" "Oh! not at all, sir," returned the doctor, "I have the very same defect; and it is very probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by and by call you Goose?"

A CURIOUS FACT.

Every one has observed that dogs, before they lie down, turn themselves round and round several times. Those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the actions of animals in a wild state, know that they seek long grass for their beds, which they beat down and render more commodious by turning round in it several times. It would appear, therefore, that the habit of our domestic dogs in this respect is derived from the nature of the same species in the wild state. This is a curious fact, and serves to prove how much the instinctive habits of wild animals are retained by their domesticated progeny.

ONE FRIEND.

How pleasant a thing it is to have a friend to whom we can unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh to us, and darkness has settled on the face of nature. The outgushings of love and tenderness revive and cheer us—drive away sadness from the bosom, and brighten the heavens again. He who has one friend cannot be wholly cast down, can never be driven to despair. The world, dark as it may sometimes be, will always contain one bright spot—it will grow brighter and brighter, till the stricken heart partakes of the fullness of joy and is cast down no more.

RELIGIOUS FEELING.

If parents were really as anxious that their children should love God, as that they should love themselves, they would use the same means for exciting this love; they would not so much enforce it as a duty that He should be loved and thanked, as lead the child to do so of his own accord; they would endeavor that He should be associated in their minds with every idea of cheerfulness and enjoyment, and thus lay the foundation of a pure, rational, and efficient religious principle, the only source of permanent happiness.

TRUE.—Cultivate only the animal nature of a man, and you make of him a ferocious brute; cultivate his intellect alone, and you *may* make of him a demon; cultivate his moral nature with his other faculties, and you render him a true man, made in God's image.

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THE LABORER.

Honest, intelligent labor, has been noble and ennobling since the world began. Imposed by Divine injunction, it has been consecrated by human use. The worker has been the great conqueror—the real achiever. He has built and manned the fleets and filled the ranks of the armies, hewed down the forests, planted the wilderness, reaped the harvest fields, reared the hamlets and cities, and, in artizan shops, foundries, factories, and everywhere, made the world vocal with the music of Labor. To-day the worker can look abroad over the earth and say, "All these are my trophy!" Yes, all are Labor's trophy. Without its stout sinews and swarth hands, this vast, beautiful scene of ever-widening civilization had not been. No wealth could have called it into being. Until Labor created it, there was no wealth. Labor dug the ore, stamped the coin, and made the currency of the world. Labor is the only real capital—productive industry and creative skill the only real wealth of the world. Let the honest, intelligent, virtuous laborer stand forth, then, no longer abashed in the presence of whatever caste-or-creed men, but proudly, as the equal of the noblest and best of mankind. The day of his true dominion is dawning. The time hastens when the world shall acknowledge him lord of the earth—the sceptre of which has been too long withheld from his grasp—as he has been the creator *of civilization and the builder of empires. He shall soon pluck for his own taste* from the vine and fig-tree of his own planting, and sit in the palace and be heard in the temple, and have his name graven on the memorial pillars he has reared.

OLD AGE AND VICE.

There is something terrible in vicious old age. Its very imbecility hightens the terror; we see the bad passions still longing for their impure food, while, to a great extent, the power that once purveyed for them is forever gone. Gold glitters, but it is beyond the trembling senile reach; selfish thirst for position still parches the wrinkled throat, but the tottering step vainly strugles towards the sparkling fountain; hatred for an enemy still burns in the failing heart, but the sinewless hand clutches feebly at the dagger. Alas! he is still unconscious, practically at least, that wealth is only to be desired for the sake of some beneficent end; position for the power it affords of shedding happiness on our fellow men; and his lips have yet to echo those sublime words of forgiveness uttered by Him who spoke as never man spake. Yes! terrible and loathsome is vicious old age, as it totters on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Behind it stretches the Past, a waste of ashes; around it spreads the Present—a champaign from which, full though it may be of beauty and grandeur, it can gather no delight; before it looms the awful Future—a cloud with no sunshine on its edges, no voice of hope coming from its mysterious deeps. How different that voice of old age which, as it gazes into the cloud, can whisper, "I have some good attempted—something good done to win a night's repose!" Is not this subject brimfull of reflection for the young—for those just starting from youth on the road of manhood?

A POLITICIAN ABUSING HIMSELF!

A New York politician, named Dillaye, who was recently removed from a fat situation in the Custom House, by the Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, has addressed a letter to this gentleman, which he begins as follows:

"I propose, in this communication, to examine the causes which led to my removal from the office of United States General Appraiser, and by a plain statement of facts to present and discuss the issue which I make with you, which is, that you are neither a man of honor nor a man of integrity."

He then occupies half a column in the daily newspapers with a series of grave charges against the Secretary of the Treasury, and finally winds up his communication as follows:

"Seek, sir, no escape from the truth and effect of these accusations under the false idea that I am actuated by a spirit of revenge. For I am your equal in all the elements which constitute a man and a democrat in point of integrity or party allegiance."

Now if, as Mr. Dillaye has attempted to prove, Secretary Cobb is "neither a man of honor nor a man of integrity," and he is himself, as he claims, Mr. Cobb's "*equal as a man*" and "*in point of integrity*," he must, according to his own showing, be rather a "hard case."

A GOOD ONE.—Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, has been making a great sensation in England. Among other animals that he subdued was a vicious horse named *Cruiser*. It has been suggested, in view of the late outrages on American vessels by English commanders, that it would be a "tarnation good thing" if Mr. Rarey could succeed in subduing every British *Cruiser!*

ENTHUSIASM!

We have often wondered why no poet has ever sung, as Campell sung the "Pleasures of Hope," and Akenside the "Pleasures of Imagination," the Pleasures of Enthusiasm—for certainly Enthusiasm is the master feeling of the ablest men and women while yet in the prime of life. What but enthusiasm for humanity nerved a Florence Nightingale to walk over the battle-fields of Emperors, measure the depths of mortal wo, and, like an angel fresh from Heaven itself, assuage its torments? What but enthusiasm dashed the pencil of a Raphael over a canvass which he left glowing with the forms of beauty, and radiant with the æsthetics of virtue? What but enthusiasm led Warren to Bunker Hill, and made him in his last breath exclaim, "Oh, it is sweet to die for one's country"? And, since that day, what but enthusiasm has bridged our thousand rivers; made alive with the wings of commerce the bosoms of our hundred lakes; swept away mighty forests; anticipated centuries by mechanical appliances, and opened a home for twenty-nine millions of human beings, to be increased to ten times the number? Then when we see the glow of enthusiasm on the cheek of youth, do not let us chill it down with a sneer, or drive it away with a smile of doubt. The LEDGER, which was begun and is still carried so triumphantly on in enthusiasm for Literature, Morality, and Human Progress, certainly will not.

SHIFTS OF INDOLENCE.

It is charged that, during times of commercial revulsion and distress, such as we have lately passed through, a great many dishonest men take advantage of the honest ones with unnecessary stoppages and failures. To do this, they make a screen of the "hard times," behind which they hide their dishonesty from their creditors' eyes, if they can. If they fail in this, they hope, still, to keep up a show of respectability, in commercial circles generally, as one of the "unfortunate" men of business who had to succumb!

A parallel to the conduct of this class of commercial shirks and impostors might be found in the persons of not a few of the "unemployed." Lazy by habit, these avail themselves of seasons of scarcity, as to labor, and make the excuse that they "can get nothing to do," although they well know they utter a downright lie! They lounge and loaf about, sponging a living out of some honest relative or "friend," on whom they would not have had the effrontery to attempt such an imposition, in ordinary times, unprincipled as they are at heart! Perhaps the victimized relative is a widowed mother in feeble health, while they are hale and hearty, or a maiden sister who is working her fingers to the quick and her eyes to blindness, to support a lazy, craven-spirited wretch of a brother!

A SHAMELESS ALDERMAN.

During a recent discussion of the "Sabbath question" in our Board of Aldermen, one of the members, who advocates unlimited Sabbath-breaking, said:

"Nine-tenths of church-goers are hypocrites. I seldom go to church myself, because I deem myself in far better company on the Avenue, where there is drinking and racing going on, than I can find in church."

The avowal of such sentiments by a magistrate of a Christian city, fills us with unspeakable pain and disgust. It is a disgrace to the whole community. The cheek of every honest citizen should mantle with the blush of shame, that such a creature sits on the municipal bench. It is well that the public should know of what base stuff aldermen *are sometimes made, and the declaration of his sentiments by the utterer of the above* shameful language, is a boon to the community in this respect. It will shock the moral sense of the people into vigorous health, and we shall be much mistaken if this low contemner of the Sabbath, of Christians and Christianity, does not find that, in his anxiety to secure the support of the vile portion of the community, he has overshot the mark, and dug his own political grave.

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth we love it for its mellow moonlight, its millions of stars, its thin, rich shooting shades, its still serenity; amid those who can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of the other world.

To youth, evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age; it seems an emblem to the tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings under the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

In Congress, and several of the State legislatures, there have been preferred charges of bribery and corruption, of the vilest and most atrocious character, and investigating committees have been appointed, and have reported facts of actual guilt. But who, we would ask in all earnestness, has read of anything being done towards punishing the malefactors? Nor has the case been any better in several of our great cities, including New York. We hear of many charges of "fraud" and malfeasance, and even "impeachment" *talked* of. But who is really punished? Nay, may we not safely ask, who, among all the accused, ever *will* be? Under these circumstances, can we wonder at the general prevalence of rascality and crime, while things present this aspect in high places!

SHUT UP THE DOGS.

We have lately heard of many cases of dog-biting in this city, and in other cities and villages. Dogs are dangerous during this hot weather, and should be kept confined or muzzled. There is no other disease so unspeakably terrible as hydrophobia, and all the dogs in Christendom are not worth the agony of one human being while suffering its horrors.

THE LEDGER'S POPULARITY.—There has not been a solitary week during the past nine months, embracing the whole period of the panic and the hard times, in which the circulation of the LEDGER was not over *three hundred thousand copies*. We mean to reach half a million!

PAIN, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN.

There is not a day of my life in which I am not vexed at the injustice done to children. A Sunday or two since, I went to hear Mr. Beecher preach, that live apostle, who can galvanize the deadest soul that ever Satan paralyzed. In the pew directly in front of me sat a fine little lad, about twelve years old, unobtrusively taking notes of the sermon. By my side sat a man—gentleman, I suppose, he called himself—his coat, pants, boots, and linen were all right as far as I am any judge, and dress seems to be the test now-a-days—who occupied himself in leaning over the front of the pew, and reading what the boy was writing—evidently much to the discomfiture of the latter. Now I would like to ask why that child's penciled notes should not have been as safe from curious eyes as if he had been an adult? and what right that grown-up man had to bother and annoy him, by impertinently peeping over his shoulder? and of what use it is to preach good manners to children, while nobody thinks it worth while to practise the same toward them? The other day I was sitting in a car, and a nice, well-behaved boy of ten years took his seat and paid his fare. Directly after in came the conductor, and, without a word of comment, coolly took him by the shoulder and stood him on his feet, and then motioned a lady to his vacant seat. Why not *ask* the child, at least? I have often been struck with the ready civility of boys in this respect, in public conveyances—but that is no reason why they should be imposed upon; the lady who took the seat might possibly have thanked a *gentleman* for yielding it to her, but she evidently did not think that good manners required she should thank the boy. Again—what right has a gentleman to take a blushing little girl of twelve or thirteen and seat her on his knee, when he happens to want her place? I have seen timid, bashful girls suffering crucifixion at the smiles called forth by this free and easy act; and sometimes actually turning away their faces to conceal tears of mortification; for there are little female children unspoiled even by the present bold system of childhood annihilation—little violets who seek the shade, and do not care to be handled and pulled about by every passer-by. Again, why will parents, or those who have the charge of children make hypocrites of them by saying, Go kiss such and such a person? A kiss is a holy thing, or should be, and not to be lightly bestowed. At any rate, it never should be compulsorily given. Children have their likes and dislikes, and often much more rationally grounded than those of grown people, though they may not be able to syllable them. I never shall forget a snuffy old lady whom I used to be obliged, when a child, to kiss. I am not at all sure that my unconquerable aversion to every form of tobacco—and even the "Fanny Fern Tobacco" fails to mollify me!—does not date from these repulsive and compulsory kisses. With what a lingering horror I approached her, and with what a shiver of disgust I retreated to scrub my lips with my pinafore, and shake my locks lest peradventure a particle of snuff had lodged there. How I wondered what she would do in Heaven without that snuff-box, for she was a "church member," and my notions of Heaven could by no stretch of liberality admit such a nuisance; and how I inwardly vowed that if I ever grew to be a woman, and if I ever was married, and if I ever had a little girl, all of which were dead certainties in my *childish future, I would never make her kiss a person unless she chose to do it*, never—never—which article of my pinafore creed I do here publicly endorse with my matronly hand.

Again, what more abominable tyranny than to force a child to eat turnip, or cabbage, or fat meat, or anything else for which they have an unconquerable and unexplainable disgust? It is infamous. I have seen a child actually shudder and turn pale at being obliged to swallow such things. Pray, why should not their wishes in this respect be regarded as much as those of their seniors? Not that a child should eat everything which it craves indiscriminately, but it should never, in my opinion, be forced to swallow what is unpalatable, except in the case of medicine, about which parents tell such fibs—that it "tastes good," and all that—when they should say honestly, "It is very bad indeed, but you know you *must* take it, and the sooner it is over, the better; now be brave and swallow it." I do protest too against forcing big boys to wear long curls down their backs after they are well into jackets, for the gratification of mamma's pride, who "can't bear to cut them off," not even though her boy skulks out of sight of every "fellow" he meets, for fear of being called a "girl-boy;" or making a boy of that age wear an apron, which the "fellows" are quite as apt to twit him about, or anything else which makes him look odd or ridiculous. There is no computing the sufferings of children in these respects. I dare say many who read this will say, "But they should be taught not to mind such things," &c.; that's all very well to say, but suppose you try it yourself;—suppose you were compelled to walk into church on Sunday with a collar that covered your cheeks, and your great-grand-father's coat and vest on; to hear the suppressed titters, and be an object of remark every time you stirred, and you a man who hated notoriety, and felt like knocking every body down who stared at you? How would that suit? Nothing like bringing a case home to yourself. Just sit down and recall your own childhood, and remember the big lumps in your little throat that seemed like to choke you, and the big tears of shame that came rolling down on your jacket, from some such cause, and don't go through the world striding with your grown-up boots on little children. They are not all angels, I know; some of them are malicious, and ugly, and selfish and disagreeable; and whose fault is it—answer me that? Not, one time in ten, the child's. You may be sure of it. God made it right, but there were bunglers who undertook the charge which an angel might shrink from.

FANNY FERN.

THE WAR FEVER ABATED.

The war fever which recently seized upon certain ambitious Congressmen and seedy adventurers, is fast dying out. The American eagle has smoothed his ruffled plumage, and gone quietly back to his eyrie, and now the British lion can once more lick his paws in peace. We are glad of this. War is a bad business at the best. Industry, art, improvement, and all beneficent things suffer blight and decay during great national conflicts. Said a distinguished philosopher, "Multiply *murder* by fifty thousand, and the product will be *war*."

BABYLONIANS *vs.* NEW YORKERS.—A distinguished medical man of this city recently stated that Plutarch says the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. In this city, during these days, many persons sleep in skins filled with liquor.

HAND ORGANS.

In full view of the fact that we are *not* of that unfortunate class of individuals who, having no music in their souls, are fit for divers iniquities, we solemnly enter our protest against the thousand and one hand organs that, with their simian ornaments, daily and nightly perambulate this great but scourged city. We have labored in vain to feel that we were listening to *music*, while some worthy descendant of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, or some other stalwart "noble Roman," whose main business consists in cutting people's throats and calling it glory, was following in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestor by murdering Rossini and Meyerbeer. It was evident that the instrument "so deftly played upon," had caught an incurable "cold while crossing the Alps," or was suffering under some peculiar phase of St. Vitus' dance. Seriously, these hand organs are a terrible nuisance, that should be abated. We will waive the absolute torture inflicted by them on persons of fine musical susceptibilities—we will not take into account the mass of loaferdom turning the everlasting cranks—we will not go into any arithmetical calculations to show the loss of useful labor caused by these assassins of the lords of melody—but only point to the excrutiating tortures which they inflict on the sick, many of them in the last pangs of mortality. At the very moment of this writing there is in the house adjoining the one in which we write, a woman prostrated on a bed of sickness, and compelled to hear these discordant sounds, when even the harmony of a Vieuxtemps would be a burden. We say *compelled*, for if you pay one of these tormentors to go away, he, in less than fifteen minutes, will send another of his diabolical craft to the same vicinity. If you employ the arm of the police to remove the nuisance it is but a temporary relief.

But why waste words? This is but one of a hundred nuisances that seem to be endowed with feline vitality, and in all probability Italy for ages to come will keep undecayed the *organic* evil.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," says the old proverb. We hardly illustrate this in our regard for the Chinese. We are parties to a crusade for forcing the political and commercial canons of Christendom upon the resisting Celestial. We insist, with others, upon setting foot upon his soil whether he is willing or not. Yet how do we treat him in return? Out there on the shores of the Pacific, our people, usually so generous and just, propose to exclude the Chinaman from our soil. Not an armed Chinaman, coming hither to impose on us a destructive and hateful trade—not an obtrusive Chinaman, with novel codes and strange habits for our acceptance, but a most peaceable, timid, mind-his-own-business Chinaman, coming to dig the mines, till the fields, pay his taxes, obey the laws, and in most ways—quite as much as the average of best-class Christian white men—to make himself a good citizen. This is the Chinaman that is threatened with expulsion from our Pacific territory. Most unjust, intolerant and outrageous, is this banning of the Celestial—unjust and outrageous of itself, and trebly so considering our attitude as claiming foothold and freedom of trade in the home-land of the Chinaman. We are not doing the decent, Christian thing—not doing as we would have others do unto us. Let us give the Celestial as much as we ask of him—let us not play the part of a big bully and keep all the chances. We are rich and strong enough to do the fair thing, and that is the only thing that will redound to our credit and welfare in the long run.

THE LATE PANIC.

The great financial panic of last fall, and the consequent collapse of credit and paralysis of trade, were, as all know, attended by some extraordinary phenomena in the social relations. The condition of numerous families, which had been apparently superior to the caprices of fickle Fortune, experienced a great revolution at that time; and it opened up many private histories and household secrets, which otherwise might never have been known beyond the precincts of their own domicile. Not a few of these household histories, communicated now-and-then by "a party in interest," (as the law says,) or the neighboring gossips, are still fresh in our memory. Some of them will not bear the telling in our columns; and there are others that it would be a violation of confidence to repeat; but there is one story which it will do no one any harm, and may convey a useful lesson to many young wives, (and young husbands, also,) to publish. It will astonish those who were the actors in it sufficiently without indicating them too closely, and therefore the reader will please to understand, that the personal names which shall be made use of, in relating the facts, are not genuine. This story is entitled "*The Three Book-Keepers, and their Wives*," and will be published complete in our next number.

PHYSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

When one thinks of the exactly reverse manners of Chinese modes of life when compared with our own, he will not wonder that the "flowery gentlemen" have been placed on the *other* side of the globe: they begin their dinners with dessert and finish with soups. Some other habits also go to show the wisdom of Nature. They leave their places between the courses to smoke or to amuse themselves; use little squares of soft colored paper instead of napkins; employ a single iron saucepan for the execution of the most difficult culinary combinations; and raise their chop-sticks to their foreheads, then lay them upon their cups, to announce to the company that they have finished the meal. But the Chinese have maxims which can do no harm to be read everywhere. Here are a few: "Great minds have wills; others have only wishes." "One day is worth three to him who does everything in its order." "Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most about himself."

DOWNFALL OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Parisian letter-writers to foreign journals are predicting Louis Napoleon's downfall, with more than their usual boldness. He has offended the whole clergy of the realm by an attempt to get hold of the funds of the hospitals and other charitable institutions, which are under the immediate supervision of the priests. He has also offended a portion of the army, and all the rest of French mankind and womankind, by his conduct in regard to the murder of a Parisian editor by a sub-lieutenant. Besides, he is out of cash; and an emperor without cash is like an engine without steam, or a furnace without fire. Unless Louis can "raise the wind" his doom is sealed, and we shall have Eugenie over here teaching school, acting as governess, or keeping a first-class milliner's shop.

A WORD TO THE WEAKER VESSEL.—A writer in "Punch" maintains that a lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops, ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

IF the real divinity within our souls were not more pure and consoling than the false one which fanatics create, how deplorable would be the lot of human nature. Happily, we cannot altogether get rid of the internal God, even by worshiping an eternal demon. The mercy of the Heavenly Father is indefeasible; we may desert Him, but He will not desert us.

To see well is a science. The dim clouds that float in space, like the silvery breath of unseen birds singing up to Heaven's gates, are clouds that float and nothing more, to eyes uncouched; but, when astronomy is by, what a lifting there is in the offing; how those filmy fleeces sparkle into worlds and suns, and retire in the armor of the morn.

WE are told that objects presented to us in our dreams can be only a wild combination of those we have been conversant with; but, in these revelations, there seems to be an occasional apocalypse of another world, or, at least, a different state of being from our present existence. What are the dreams of persons born blind?

WE cannot think too highly of our nature, or too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue suffering the tortures of a demon, and suffering them with the magnanimity of a god, we behold a heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.

A LANDSCAPE is the silent voice of nature, speaking in forms and colors. The artist, who can reduce these vocal visions to painted writing, has a companionship with the outward world, an enjoyment of its beauties, and a consequent sweetness in his communion with the Creator, of the most hallowing description.

HE that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head or a very short creed. Many gain a false credit for liberality in religious matters, not from any tenderness they may have to the opinions or consciences of others, but because they have no opinion or conscience of their own.

IT is an actual fact, that a man in our State, who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

IT is a very consolatory reflection that death, whilst putting an end to the enjoyments of some, terminates the sufferings of all. He is a silent, peaceful, benign genius, who rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.

A VERY famous English author, who traveled through our country a few years ago, said in his book, after his return home, that he found only one Hotel in our country where he was supplied with enough water to wash himself thoroughly. He must have been a very dirty dog.

LITERATURE has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes—those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth. We get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

WHEN mobs exercise violence upon an individual, they are said to "regulate" him. We presume that, when they treat a bank in the same way, they may be said to *regulate the currency*.

WE think that any observant person, who should look into our mint-julep establishments these hot days, would conclude that a great many of our people are *men of straw*.

WE must not judge who are the favorites of Providence by observing where his greatest favors are bestowed. Our Lord designated Judas as the traitor *by giving him the sop*.

IN the great struggles of life, men should press ever forward. Those who cherish too much pride of ancestry, lose the race by looking always backwards.

MEN of genius are often dull and heavy in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to the earth is only a stone.

"PAY your score," said a publican to a customer who was running up an account for ale. "Wait till I've had a score, first; that last mug made only ten."

THE windows of some souls are set *in the north* wall, when the proper place for them is on the side where the sun shines.

CALL a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is one she is still angrier.

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

A CORSET-MAKER advertizes that she is selling her stock at a sacrifice. Probably she means of health and life.

PRAISES shine upon the senseless, as rich trophies do upon a post.

SATIRE, when it is true to the cause of virtue, is a shining supplement of the public laws.

A MAN learns to stand erect by falling down—and getting up again.

KNAVES never become martyrs for the sake of their opinions, but a great many fools do.

WATER is a bad thing upon the brain, but a very good one upon the stomach.

"HAVE you any powder?" said a sportsman to his companion. "Yes, *in a horn*."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GENTLEMAN of this city introduced a friend to his wife a few months ago, and requested him to "look after her" whenever he (the husband) should be absent from the city, as was frequently the case. A few days since, the husband, on returning from a short journey, found that his wife had run away with his friend. A man should "look after" his wife himself, instead of engaging a friend to do it for him.

A LETTER, from a sea-captain to a friend in this city, written from the Sandwich Islands, says that a number of natives, while intoxicated, attacked a woman and two children, living in a hut some distance inland from Honolooloo, and after digging out their eyes, cut off the heads of their victims and sticking them on poles in front of the hut, set the latter on fire and burned it to the ground.

A GENTLEMAN writing from the Southern part of Florida, says that a fatal disease has broken out among the deer of that section. They are found dead in every direction—in some instances in large companies. They die suddenly—full-fleshed and fat. There is now scarcely the sign of one to be seen, where they used to be found in great numbers.

ABOUT a year since, an honest and industrious young man named John Dean, at that time working as a carpenter in Chicago, received a legacy of $200,000 from an uncle who died in Australia. This piece of "good fortune" ruined him, and he recently died from the effects of dissipation.

AN American named Toombs, a short time since married a Mexican beauty near Monterey, having superseded in her affections a swarthy native. The next morning after the wedding the bride and bridegroom were found with their throats cut, and the Mexican lover had disappeared.

THE Marquis of Westminster, who is the richest man in England, has been "figuring up" to see how much he is worth, and has discovered that his riches amount to £21,000,000 sterling, or *one hundred and five millions of dollars*. His income is nearly ten thousand dollars a day.

A FEW days ago, an aged man went into the White Hall Hotel, in Philadelphia, called for a glass of lemonade, threw down a quarter to pay for it, declined to take any change, ran up stairs, and cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor.

IT is said that there is a rosebush in flower in Providence, R. I., which completely fills a green-house seventy feet long, and has *six thousand flowers*. That rosebush must be related to the banian tree.

THE profits on the London Times are reported at $480,000 per annum, of which $380,000 goes into the pockets of one man, who owns nineteen out of the twenty-four proprietary shares into which the establishment is divided.

TERRIBLE fires are raging in the vast forests of New Brunswick. Over twenty square miles of oak woods were on fire at one time, and houses and out-buildings of all kinds near the forest were consumed.

IN the new county of Clay, in the State of Virginia, it is said that there is but one man who is not running for office. If that is so, that one "independent voter" holds the "balance of power."

THE editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Journal says a female convict in the penitentiary at that place actually lived seven weeks without swallowing a particle of food.

A PERFECTLY white robin was recently caught in Taunton, Mass., which is the first one of the kind ever known.

CHORUS OF FROGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Our pleasure was sad, for we knew it was fleet,
And sorrow made shadows again that were sweet,
'Twas the weird witching time when the Katy-did sings,
And the birds go to sleep with their heads in their wings:
I called her pet names, Lily, Julie, and Lou,
And the frogs from the meadow-pond answered, "too-oo!
Brekeke! Knoax! too-oo!"

Ah, fond piece of dreaming! her arms were as white
And chaste as the moonbeams around me that night,
And I knew by the blots through her cheek that would start,
What words love had writ on the leaves of her heart,
And I clasped her and kissed her and coaxed her to speak,
And the frogs from the meadow-pond answered, "brekeke!
Knoax! too-oo! brekeke!"

I called her my whitest wee lamb of the fold,
My fair-bosomed lily to keep and to hold,
My rose to be pressed in the book of my life,
My dove-eyed, my darling, my dear dainty wife:
Her lips did not move, but I counted the strokes
Of her heart, and the frogs from the meadow cried, "Knoax,
Too-oo! brekeke! Knoax!"

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Whilst the scenes we have just described were taking place in the garden and drawing-room of Lady Bell, Caleb and Jack Manders had accompanied the sycee Hirim to the grove surrounding the temple where Hassan and Al Moorad were in the habit of holding their secret meetings—for we scarcely need inform our readers that the wily Hindoo domestic was a household spy upon the actions and proceedings of our hero; his fidelity, if he possessed any portion of that virtue, being engaged to his former master.

The young men had not long concealed themselves by creeping beneath the underwood, before the parties whom they came to watch approached, in deep and earnest conversation. The banker was evidently trying to persuade his companion to something which the fellow either felt disinclined to, or had not been bribed sufficiently high to undertake.

How Jack envied the groom his knowledge of the language. He felt convinced that some mischief was plotting against his benefactor, and would have given worlds to unravel it.

The words of the principal speaker appeared to make but little impression upon Hassan, till they were joined by a venerable looking priest, who sssued from the temple. At his approach, both the Hindoos bowed with the deepest reverence.

Caleb laid his hand upon the arm of Hirim to attract his attention to the new comer, and found to his surprise that the boy trembled violently.

"Not unlike Uncle Andrew," thought Jack Manders, as he gazed upon the countenance of the old man—a reflection which did not increase his good opinion of him.

The appearance of the priest produced a marked change in the conduct of Hassan, whose hesitations and objections seemed at once to vanish. He received a small silken bag, which the former extended towards him, and placed it in his breast.

Immediately afterwards all three entered the temple, and the concealed spectators of their interview cautiously withdrew.

"Who is that old man, Hirim?" demanded Jack.

"Oh! do not ask me," replied the boy, with a shudder.

"What were they talking about?"

"*Deen*," said the boy, sullenly.

"What is that?"

"Faith. I am sorry I brought you to the place."

"Faith," repeated Jack Manders; "umph! may be; but to speak plainly, I have not much faith in your answer."

"Why did you shake and tremble?" inquired Caleb, "when I placed my hand upon you?"

"I have spoken the truth," uttered the sycee, in a sullen tone, "and you have no right to doubt me. When I thought ill was brooding against the sahib Tyrrell I made you acquainted with my suspicions, but Hirim will not betray his faith!"

This was the only answer they could get from him, and it was far from being satisfactory to either of his companions, who determined to impart their suspicions to our hero, and get him to watch the next night.

"He will ferret it out," said Jack, in confidence to Caleb. "He speaks their lingo as plainly as I do English."

Unfortunately, his benefactor quitted for the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee the following day before Jack could impart to him what had occurred.

Richard had not forgotten the hint Lieutenant Marsh had given him respecting Al Moorad. As the head of one of the largest native banking firms in Calcutta, he was well-known in English society, in which he frequently moved, and was looked upon as one of the most enlightened of his race, the least affected by his prejudices of caste, and the debasing superstitions which render the effeminate Asiatic so contemptible in the eyes of every European.

More than once our hero had detected the eyes of the banker fixed upon himself and Lillian as they danced together, or snatched a few hasty words of conversation in society. On such occasions Al Moorad, instead of appearing confused, would smile, advance and chat with them.

It might have been friendly—from any but an Asiatic it must have been taken so, but in no country are men more clever in masking every emotion or feeling than the East. "He is but a driveler," says the proverb, "who knows not how to dissemble."

The gentleman in question had read the proverbs of the Hindoo philosophers and writers very carefully, in fact, made a study of them.

Richard was seated in the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee, where his mornings were generally spent, when the party in question entered, and inquired, in no very amicable tone, for Mr. Sanford.

"He is in the private room with the principal of the house," answered one of the clerks.

"You had better inform him," observed our hero.

On hearing the voice, the subtle oriental instantly became all smiles, and inquired most affectionately after his health.

"Quite well, I thank you," said the youth, writing away in the ledger.

"I was not aware that you were a clerk," added the visitor.

"How else should I learn the business?"

"Very true."

Sanford made his appearance, and recognizing the party who had inquired for him, looked exceedingly confused, despite his effort to conceal it.

"Some rascality in hand," thought Richard, but without appearing to pay the least attention to them.

Al Moorad and the managing clerk of Mr. Chutnee retired to one of the windows, where a long and animated conversation ensued. The native banker drew from his pocket a letter, took from it a bill, and handed it to Sanford, who shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something in a very humble tone.

"Dishonored," thought our hero.

He was not far from wrong.

Again the whispered conversation was resumed. At first Al Moorad seemed unbending and haughty, then gradually appeared to yield to the entreaties or representations of the clerk; and once or twice Richard fancied that he could detect a glance towards himself; and yet, what could he have to do with their affairs?

At last they shook hands—a sure sign that some piece of rascality, after having been duly discussed, had been concluded.

Mr. Sanford saw the Hindoo to the door of the banking house; then returned and stopped at the desk where Richard was writing.

"A troublesome fellow," he exclaimed, alluding to his late visitor; "but, like all natives. The man is as rich as Crœsus, if ever there was such a person; and yet he is frightened out of his wits about a paltry bill for five hundred pounds."

"Indeed!"

"Good as the bank of Calcutta."

"So I should suppose," remarked his hearer, pretending to take very little interest in the affair. "I know Mr. Curry would not hesitate to discount Chutnee's signature for ten times that amount, or even more."

"I should think not," exclaimed the managing clerk, with a laugh at his simplicity; "but it does not happen to be the governor's signature."

"I thought it might have been."

"It is mine."

AL MOORAD DISCOVERS HIS LOST PAPER.

"Yours!"

"Drawn upon the junior partner of the great house of Bently, Kearn, and Company, Lombard street, London."

Although the heart of the young man beat violently, not the slightest movement of his features betrayed the surprise he felt.

"Perhaps you know them?"

"I never set foot but in one counting-house in England in my life," replied Richard, evasively, "and that was Mr. Curry's. Perhaps," he added, as if struck by a sudden idea, "you forgot to advise your correspondent on the subject."

"No, I did not."

"No effects, then?" exclaimed our hero, laughingly.

"Plenty. The fact is that several years I have drawn upon him to the same amount, and never before had my bill dishonored. Something serious must have occurred, or he never would have disappointed me."

"Is your agency so valuable, then?"

"No, but my——" he paused, and replaced the word "silence," which he intended to utter, by—"friendship is."

"I wonder," he added, "if you would discount it for me; it would really be of service to me. I have an excellent speculation of indigo in hand—have advanced money to the planter: but if I force a sale——"

"You forget that I have not commenced business yet," observed the young man, carelessly; "but let me look at your bill."

Sanford placed it eagerly in his hand.

"Is this the gentleman's acceptance?" said Richard, pointing to the signature of Carus.

"That I can assure you of. I receive one every year in blank. Some infernal mistake must have occurred. What say you?"

"That I must inquire first respecting the stability of the house. I may have heard the name of the firm before, but most certainly know nothing of its standing in the market."

"For heaven's sake do not make any inquiries of Chutnee," said the managing clerk, greatly alarmed. "By our articles I am bound down not to trade on my own account; and, in fact, I seldom do, unless something very tempting drops in my way. The governor would never forgive me. Since his wife's illness he has been in the temper of a hyæna."

"Is Madam Chutnee very ill, then?" demanded his hearer, forgetting in his sympathy for Zamora the point in view.

"Her ayah says she has fretted herself into a skeleton."

"And the disease?"

"No one knows. She has had scores of doctors, both native and European to attend her. But I think I could guess it," added the speaker, lowering his voice, and at the same time giving our hero a peculiar look.

"Indeed!"

"She has discovered that she has got an old husband," whispered Sanford, "and that captivity is still captivity, although passed in a golden cage."

"Very likely," thought the youth, for he himself had frequently wondered how a mere child came to wed a man so much older than herself.

"Well," added the speaker, "what do you say to it?"

"That I must make inquiries."

"Hang it! do it at once; you are rich."

"But not rich enough to lose five hundred pounds."

"When will you give me an answer?"

"To-morrow."

That same evening Richard Tyrrell related all that had taken place to his friend and adviser, Lieutenant Marsh, and asked his opinion whether he should comply with Sanford's request or not.

"By all means, my dear boy," replied the old soldier, after a few moments' reflection. "It is of importance to obtain proof of the connection between this Carus Kearn, your father's calumniator, and his agent—for so I sincerely believe it will turn out that Sanford is, and long has been."

"And what am I to do with the bill when I have discounted it?" demanded our hero, who did not exactly see the use which might be made of it.

"Give it to me."

"Willingly."

"And I will transmit it to your grandfather, who has other and far more serious cause of offence against his nephew. He never confided to me the exact particulars, but I shall never forget his countenance when he alluded to it."

"Have you ever seen this Carus?" inquired Richard.

"Only once."

"And what is he like?"

"Tall and gentlemanly enough in his bearing," answered the lieutenant, "and has all the usages of good society, which, as a matter of course, he has long been accustomed to mingle in; but his countenance did not please me. The features are regular enough; it was from the expression of the eyes and mouth that I drew an unfavorable inference. The former are dark, piercing, and ever restless. When he addresses you, instead of meeting your gaze with open, honest frankness, he steals furtive glances, and seems embarrassed if by accident you fix his gaze. The latter," he added, "is sensual, cruel, and vindictive."

"A sad picture," observed our hero.

"But a true one," answered his friend.

The next day, Richard Tyrrell, when Sanford spoke to him on the subject of the accommodation, expressed his readiness to oblige him, adding that he had received so excellent an account of the position of the firm of Bently, Carus Kearn, and Company, that he felt perfectly satisfied."

The managing clerk was profuse in his thanks, and the transaction was concluded that same day, very much to the satisfaction of the holder of the bill, which was at once handed to the lieutenant to forward to England.

At the end of a week, Al Moorad again made his appearance at the banking-house of Mr. Chutnee, and inquired with great impatience as usual for Sanford.

"Not in," replied the junior clerk.

"Will he be long?"

"Can't tell."

"It is of importance."

"You will find him at Exchange," observed our hero, saluting him.

The oriental bowed with his usual suppleness, thanked him, and took his leave; but in less than an hour returned again, accompanied by the managing clerk; they both approached the desk at which Richard was writing, and requested a few minutes' private conversation with him.

"With me?" repeated the youth, in a tone of surprise. "You had better come with me into Mr. Chutnee's private room; he will not be here for an hour at least," he added, looking at his watch.

The proposal was acceded to.

Richard could not avoid being struck by the great difference in the manner of the two men. Al Moorad was cold, self-possessed, and wary as a snake, calculating its spring. His companion, on the contrary, greatly agitated, and nervously excited.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Sanford, "you recollect the bill."

"The one I discounted?"

"Yes."

"Considering it was my first transaction—commercial one, I mean," answered Richard Tyrrell, laughingly, "it would be strange if I did not; five per cent., not a bad hit for a young beginner."

"Money in India frequently brings twelve," observed the Hindoo banker, in a soft, insinuating tone.

"With risk."

"Certainly, with some risk."

"I have received advices from England by the mail of yesterday," resumed the managing clerk, impatiently. "It was some infernal mistake of the man's who presented the bill. I knew Carus would never trifle with me."

"I recollect you said so at the time."

"He has transmitted me the money."

"Glad to hear it."

"I wish, therefore, you would let me have the bill back again, and as for the discount, that can be easily settled."

"Very easily indeed," answered our hero, "were it in my power to do as you request me."

"Why you have never parted with it!"

"Sent it to England."

The two visitors exchanged uneasy glances.

"Provoking!" muttered one.

"Confound it!" ejaculated the other.

"Why did you not ask me to keep it," demanded the young man, anxious, if possible, to obtain some further clue.

"I never thought that Carus would forward the money," was the reply.

"If he is so rich, it will not inconvenience him."

"It is not that," interrupted Sanford, hastily, "but the—in short it must be disagreeable to any man of his position in the commercial world, to have his bill returned. I suppose," he added, "that it will be presented through the house of Curry and Company?"

"It is the only firm I have any monetary connection with, as you well know," observed the young man, evasively.

As the speakers quitted the room, Al Moorad dropped a paper from his girdle. Richard saw it fall, and his first impulse was to secure it. As he was in the act of stooping to raise it, a blush suffused his cheek.

"No," he murmured, "not by dishonorable means. The battle must be so fought, that when the victory is won, I need not shame to claim it."

"See what you have left," he exclaimed aloud, just as they had reached the door.

The Hindoo sprang upon the paper, like some wild animal, with a single bound, and his features appeared ghastly pale as he raised it.

"You should have claimed a reward, Tyrrell," said the managing clerk; "it is not often that our friend drops Treasury bonds."

"That paper is not a Treasury bond," observed our hero.

"True, the color is different. What made you so eager to recover it? I thought it must have been for a lac of rupees, at least."

The native banker touched first his forehead, then his lips with the paper, and slowly replaced it in his girdle.

The two Europeans knew by this action that it was something of a religious character; and the speaker pronounced the word *deen*.

Which word signifies faith.

The Hindoo nodded in the affirmative.

Tyrrell only felt half satisfied that the explanation was the correct one, but, as he had no means of satisfying himself upon the point, he made no further remark, and permitted them to take their leave.

That same evening, on paying his usual visit to Sir Charles, he found Lillian in tears and Lady Bell looking very serious.

"What has occurred?" he eagerly demanded.

"The regiment is ordered to Lucknow."

"And when does it march?"

"In three days."

"So soon!"

This was addressed to the protectress of the fair girl, whose heart was mourning over its first sorrow. Could she have foreseen all that it would have to bear and suffer, she would have reserved her tears; but Providence mercifully vails the page of the future. Were it displayed to our gaze, the present would lose its charm.

"The Sepoys," said her ladyship, "have shown signs of disaffection—something about cartridges, I believe; but Sir Charles says it is only a pretence."

Her hearer thought of the warning words of his friend the lieutenant.

"Should there be danger," he observed, "surely, Lady Bell, you would be better in Calcutta."

The generous-minded woman drew herself up to her full hight, and her bright eyes flashed scornfully.

"I forgive you, Richard," she made answer, "for two reasons: the first, because you are a lover, and naturally feel anxious for Lillian, to say nothing of the pain of a separation, which can only prove temporary; for when the governor and council have recovered from their fright, the 01st will, I have no doubt, be ordered back again."

"And the second?"

"That my husband thinks exactly as you do."

"Then I am sure you will yield."

"That by no means follows," exclaimed her ladyship, laughingly. "When I married Sir Charles, he would have quitted the service, but I refused to listen to it, for I knew how closely he felt wedded to his profession. In becoming the wife of a soldier, I accepted all the inconveniences of my choice, even to the packing up of my dresses, the derangement of my boudoir, and the breaking off of so many pleasant acquaintances."

"You forget the danger."

"Pshaw! there is none."

Lillian, however, was not of the same opinion, and she trembled not only for the safety of her protector, who had acted towards her like a parent, but at the thought of a separation from the man she loved.

"Here comes Rose, too, looking as wretched as if her husband were already in front of the enemy!" exclaimed the lady, as the wife of Mark Rayner made her appearance in the drawing-room, her eyes red with weeping. "Why, Rose," she added, "I gave you credit for more courage."

Lilly, who had thrown her arms round the neck of her foster mother, tried to kiss away her tears.

"It is not that," sobbed the woman, "not that."

"What is it, then?"

"Mark has been placed under arrest by order of Major Plinlimmon."

"That horrible little major," observed her ladyship, "is always doing some disagreeable thing or another."

"It cannot be for any very grave offence," said our hero; "we will all intercede with Sir Charles for him."

Rose wrung her hands.

"He will release him," whispered Lillian.

"He dares not," murmured the distracted wife. "It is for no slight breach of discipline, but a far more serious charge."

"Drunkenness?"

"No."

"What then?"

"For having released a prisoner who was placed under his care. My husband commanded the prison guard."

"And the name of the prisoner?"

"Sanderson."

"Poor Rose," said her protectress, when she heard the name, "this is indeed unfortunate. The plot thickens, and the long-concealed truth must soon be known. Better to have heard it at once."

CHAPTER LVII.

OLD MIKE AND FIDDLER DICK AGAIN.

Before relating the circumstances under which Sanderson became a private in the same regiment with Mark Rayner, we must leave India for awhile and request our readers to return with us to England, promising that the voyage shall not be a very tedious one.

"Presto," as the charlatan says, and it is accomplished. We are no longer in the city of palaces on the banks of the Hooghly, but in Kent, at the gate of one of the vast naval arsenals in which the true power and greatness of the British empire are centered, where we shall find two characters in our tale, not yet forgotten, we trust, by our readers.

When Fiddler Dick became an inmate of the dockyard at Chatham, like most convicts on their arrival, he displayed great insubordination and violence; but the iron discipline of the establishment very soon brought him to a different state of mind, and taught him that a different line of conduct was necessary, if he wished to pass his seven years pleasantly, or obtain a mitigation.

Gradually, therefore, he cooled down—began to show a disposition to listen to the advice and exhortations of the chaplain, who, flattering himself that he had at last succeeded in producing an impression upon his dissolute nature, felt an interest in him.

It was something like the pride which the keeper of a menagerie feels in displaying his powers over the ferocious animal he had tamed.

We need not inform our readers that it was all pretence on the part of the convict: neither penitence nor remorse had ever touched his stubborn nature, but calculation had. Seven years was a long period of time to look forward to—to bear the burning desire of vengeance which he entertained against his faithless partner, Bet, and writhe beneath the impotence of gratifying it. He could have stood four, but seven was too much; the number haunted him, and he determined, if possible, to abridge it.

It was just as he had made up his mind to this new line of conduct, that his former companion in misfortune—as he was pleased to term his previous detection and condemnation—joined him.

One of the wits of the place—for even amongst the miserable slaves of the dockyard there are such persons—parodied, on the arrival of Mike, the well-known epitaph, "They were beautiful in their lives, and in death they were not separated," by chalking on the wall, "They were pals in youth, and lagged together in their age."

It was not long before Mr. Fiddler Dick began to experience the benefit of the change in his conduct; for no sooner was it known by the keepers and guardians that his was a case in which the chaplain felt an interest, than they grew somewhat indulgent—treating him much less harshly.

They, too, were wise in their generation. Any report a refractory convict might make of their ill-usage of him, they well knew would meet with but little attention; from a reformed one, who frequently required the advice and consolation of the chaplain, whom the governor had spoken to in a tone of encouragement, it was a very different thing.

Amongst the fraternity of which Dick and his friend Mike were not undistinguished members, the means by which the rigor of imprisonment may be mitigated, and the period of their penal servitude shortened, are as well known, calculated and discussed, as the chances which may arise in any other profession.

As a matter of course, the intimacy between the two convicts was renewed. There being no false delicacy or shame on either side, the hours of meals and recreation, and Sundays especially, were devoted to private and confidential conversation on their affairs.

One thing seriously annoyed Dick, and put his friendship to a severe test; Mike either could not, or would not, become pious; but frequently in chapel, whilst his companion sang vociferously, or *groaned*, which he frequently did at certain parts of the sermon, the old sinner would sit watching him, with a broad grin upon his features.

The cynical rascal had evidently a keen sense of the ridiculous.

"I'll tell you what it is, old *feller*," said the youngest of the two convicts, as they paced up and down the large, vaulted apartment in which they were allowed to take their exercise in wet weather, "I shall be obliged to cut your acquaintance."

"Why so?"

"The parson says you are a reprobate. Why won't you be converted? it ain't so wery hard after the fust. You'd find yer advantage in it."

"Have you found any?"

Dick replied by a knowing wink.

"Well, I dare say yer has," continued the speaker; "and it ain't by no means the wust dodge I ha' knowed on; but it 'u'd be no use to me—they'll never let me out."

"Why not?"

"Case there's too many great uns in the world as has an interest in a-keepin' me in," replied the convict, with an air of importance. There is a pride even in crime. Your housebreaker looks with contempt on a poor petty-larceny rogue. "I ain't sent here for anything I have done; for, as you know, I was always *partikler* not to run any great risks."

"What wer yer sent here for?"

"*For fear of what I might say*; and what makes it more aggrewating, my own brother sent me here."

"Something like my Bet," muttered his hearer,

with a fearful expression. "But I never knew you had a brother."

"Oh, yes, a twin."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised, now," observed Dick, "if that affair of Lilly's worn't at the bottom on it."

"You are right."

"Well, you may as well tell me all about it. "Poor gal, I've no doubt Bet 'as done for her afore this."

"No, she ain't."

"*You don't know her.*"

"I tell you she ain't," repeated Mike; "and I ought to know, seeing as she came to me the day after your misfortune, to ask for the share of the money I promised you, and I pumped it all out on her."

"You didn't give it her!" exclaimed the convict, with an expression of hatred so ferocious that even the speaker, accustomed as he was to his violence and temper, could not refrain from shuddering.

"Give it her," he repeated; "wot do yer take me for?"

"But you got it?"

"Well, perhaps I did."

"All right," said Fiddler Dick, "cut on."

"Well," answered Mike, "it was this brother of mine I was speakin' on as brought the kid to me—I wish I'd never seen her."

"So do I," interrupted his friend.

"Jack found out for me where he lived. Would you believe it, the unnatural villain is rich, has a farm, servants, land—in short, lives like a gentleman. But that has nothing to do with it, only he is very respectable."

"Was the child *his'n?*"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"Can't *exactually* make out," answered the former gaoler of Lillian, who did not choose to impart more than was necessary for elucidating his position, and the hopelessness he felt of any remission of the sentence he had been sent back to the hulks to serve; "all I know is, there was a lady, a real born lady, in the case."

"And she paid the money?"

"Well, she did," answered Mike, hesitatingly; "but not until after you were in quod, or you'd ha' heard from me."

The mountebank drew down the corners of his mouth in that peculiar manner we have before alluded to.

"Of course I should," he said, pointing with the thumb of his right hand over the left shoulder.

"You don't doubt me?" said his partner in iniquity.

"It's of little use if I did, seeing that the couters are all gone by this time, I'll be bound."

"No, they ain't," whispered the old convict.

Fiddler Dick pricked up his ears at this piece of intelligence, which to him was exceedingly interesting, for he naturally considered that he had a moral, if not a legal, claim to a part of it.

"Why, yer ain't got it with yer?" he exclaimed, at the same time slapping Mike familiarly on the back. "Well, you are a downy one. Only to think of doin' the searchers!"

"But it ain't here," quietly observed the old man; "do you think if it wor I'd be such a fool as to allude to it?"

His pal looked disappointed. The reasoning was too conclusive in his own mind to doubt it.

"Not so green as that," continued the speaker. "No; I concealed it in a place known only to myself, and where only myself can find it, and where it will remain, unless I get out of this cursed place."

"Mike! Mike!" exclaimed his respectable friend, in a tone of tender reproachfulness, "you'd never be so unnatural as to rob a true pal of his share?"

"*I'll take care he never robs me of mine,*" replied the old man; "so it's no use a-trying that on. If we get out together, maybe I should not mind *a-dividin'*."

"How much is it?"

"More than enough to take us both to *Amerikey*, and leave us something to begin life on," answered Mike, evasively, for he did not think proper to name the exact sum to him. Like a prudent man, he always calculated on the eventualities that might arise.

"It was over fifty, then!" exclaimed Fiddler Dick.

"Over two fifties," whispered his pal.

"I thought so," muttered the former, bitterly.

"*Well, that was biziness,*" observed the old convict. "Of course, I worn't a-going to let you share, and I take all the risk: and a pretty risk it has turned out! What good is the tin to me, and I here?"

"Why won't you be converted?" demanded the ex-mountebank, in a persuasive tone; "it's the easiest thing in the world: only to——"

"I know all about it," interrupted his hearer, impatiently; "and would a tried it, as well as you; only, as I told you afore, I know'd it would be no use."

"Can't see it."

"But I can. Why else am I here, and my ticket-of-leave called in? I ain't done nothing fresh. Let me explain it all. You'll never see the rights on it unless I do."

"Explain away, old snake."

After receiving this gracious permission, his respected friend resumed his narrative.

"As I told you," he said, "Jack discovered where my precious brother, my twin, wor a livin', and feeling quite lonely like, for the boy had gone to sea, I thought I'd just visit him. Well, I did, and a pretty visit I made of it, for he and his housekeeper nearly pison'd me with *mushe*rooms."

"Cleverly done."

"Very. Whilst staying with him I learnt something—what that something was I ain't agoin' to tell you, so it's no use a' prickin' up your ears; but it was a curious secret."

"About Lilly?" eagerly demanded Fiddler Dick.

"About Lilly."

"And I here," muttered the husband of Bess in a tone of bitterness between his teeth. "She shall pay for it if ever I get free."

"*No doubt of that,*" observed Mike, quietly. "In fact, I told her as much—but that is your affair, and nothin' to my pint. Well, I naturally thought I might just as well turn an honest penny by the secret I had gained, and I told Andrew so."

"Who is Andrew?"

"My beautiful twin brother."

"All right; go on."

"He promised to meet me in London at the 'Keys' in the Mint. I had given him eight days; if I had known all I might have given him longer. Well, what do you think he does?"

"No idear."

"He goes to my lord mayor, or some other lord, who is one of the queen's ministers, and related to the lady I told yer on, and gets me sent here to sarve out the rest of my time."

"Why that is for life!" exclaimed his companion.

"*Exactually.*"

Fiddler Dick gave an expressive whistle. It might be intended to convey his admiration of the tact of Andrew, or an indication of surprise at the extraordinary account he had just listened to.

"And now," added the convict, "you see why I don't think it worth while to be converted; yours is a different case. I should think they'd let you out in another year or so, for yer does it exceedingly well; and groans and turns up the white of yer eyes as naterally as life. But it would be no use to me, mine is a settled pint; there's a black mark against my name. I am here for life."

"Well, I 'spose yer are," philosophically observed his friend.

"*Unless*——"

Here the old man hesitated.

"Unless what?"

"When you get out you help me to escape," whispered Mike. "In that case we would share the money *between* us."

It was some time before Fiddler Dick could be brought to entertain the project. In the first place, he did not like the risk of the undertaking; in the second, he felt far from assured that Mike really had the money he spoke of, and that the tale he had told had any other foundation than his own fertile imagination. On the latter point he soon had an opportunity of coming to a correct conclusion. In conversing with one of the prison authorities, who, since the chaplain had become interested in him, had been more than usually indulgent, he observed that the government would have no very great bargain with Mike.

"Why not?" inquired the official.

"He is so old."

"We don't care for his labor," was the reply.

"Then I suppose you will soon let him out."

The man shook his head mysteriously.

"Can't make it out," added the mountebank. "He says he ain't done nothing fresh—but then we all says that," he added, with a hypocritical grimace, "afore we is convarted, 'specially on our trials."

"But he has not been tried."

Here was confirmation at least of one portion of Mike's statement, and his friend began to think the rest of it might possibly be equally true.

"Why, you don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that they sent him back on the old affair?"

"But I do though."

"That's 'ard."

"*It is not quite usual,*" replied the man. "Perhaps I ought not to allude to these things; but I don't mind telling you. The Secretary of State, Lord Carlington, recalled his ticket-of-leave."

"What for?"

"Because he had done something either to offend or excite suspicion, I suppose," replied his informant; "but it ain't my place to make observations on the conduct of my betters. Still, I must say it does appear hard. Our orders are to guard him very strictly."

"Why, there is no danger of his escape."

"Not much," said the official: "he is so old. Were he an active, young fellow like you, there might be some risk, now."

"Not in the least," answered Fiddler Dick: "I have only three more years to serve; and I ain't in a hurry to leave the place afore my principles is confirmed. The world is so full of temptations."

"Very true."

"And we are none of us perfect."

The keeper agreed with him.

"I might fall into the herror of my ways again."

"That's what the governor said," replied the man, "when the chaplain spoke to him the other day about recommending you to government for a ticket-of-leave."

The eyes of the mountebank sparkled with an expression of intense ferocity at hearing how the above-named functionary had interfered to deprive him of the good offices of the clergyman. The ruffian felt as if he could have strangled him.

"And what said the parson?" he asked, with some difficulty mastering his rage.

"That he considered your reformation complete."

"Ah, he is a good man," exclaimed the convict, "and has a searching spirit; he can read the 'art. I am sure he has squeedged all the bitterness and blackness out of mine, for it was once very black."

His hearer looked as if he believed him.

"I am content to remain my time," he added, turning up the white of his eyes, "if he thinks it best."

"Are you?"

"Or to go," added Dick.

"Well, that I *can* believe," observed the man, who seemed but little edified by the speaker's pretended resignation. "It's an awfully dull place; I am heartily tired of it, for one."

"You!" repeated the convict; "why you have an excellent berth."

"Pretty well."

"Good wages."

"Things are very dear in Chatham."

"Chance of promotion."

"A very slow one," answered the keeper. "When I first accepted the situation, I was fool enough to let them know that I did not intend to remain in it long, and so they pass others over my head. Do you know how I came to get it?"

"Ain't the least idea."

"Well, as you appear a better sort of fellow than most who are here, I don't care if I tell you."

Fiddler Dick expressed himself highly flattered at the confidence, and piously expressed a hope that he was not altogether undeserving of it.

"Father and uncle were two of the independent electors of my native town."

"And where may that be?" inquired his hearer.

"Swill Thorp, in Somersetshire."

"Don't know it."

"Well, it ain't a very large place," observed the keeper, "though it does send two members to parliament. I wish it never had sent them, for it has been my ruin."

The party whom the speaker was thus gradually admitting into his confidence looked as if he should very much like to be informed how the fact of the borough of Swill Thorp returning two members to the legislature could have acted so injuriously on the prospects and career of the speaker.

"I'll tell you how," continued the man. "When I was a boy, our member—the Honorable Sloper Seedy—always promised father and uncle that he would procure me a place under government. The consequence was, that instead of being brought up to a trade, like the rest of my brothers, I was looked upon as the gentleman of the family—indulged when the others were punished, or kept to work."

"And that turned out badly?"

"Right there—*very badly;* for after father and uncle's death, the Honorable Sloper Seedy forgot his promise; and the gentleman of the family became the beggar. Thinking I was provided for, father left everything to my two brothers, who are now well to do in the world—one as a master-builder, and the other as a respectable coach-maker."

"Hadn't you their interest?"

"Not a bit of it; they always voted against the member, which so exasperated him that he forgot his promise, and I shouldn't now have got this beggarly place but for the last election."

"I see. Held off till you had it."

"I have no vote."

"How did you get it then?"

"Why you see, three days before the election took place, I waited on the gentleman. I was in—in short, I wasn't half so well dressed as I am now. I told him that he had ruined me by his promises, and threatened, unless he did something for me there and then, to go down to Swill Thorp and expose him and myself, too, upon the hustings."

"And no fool neither," ejaculated Fiddler Dick. "I never had no notion of your parliament men. I—that is, a friend of mine who got into trouble in the pickpocketing line, told me in confidence that he never found anything worth taking in a member's pocket."

"I can believe him," observed the man. "Well, the result was that the Hon. Sloper Seedy—seedy enough to me—got me this place, where I have been now goin' on for two years. I have saved nearly enough to pay my passage out to America, where I intend to settle as soon as I can make out the rest of the passage money."

"That's where I intend to go when my time's up," said the convict.

"Indeed!"

"How curious if we should meet there."

"Very curious indeed."

"But you'll not own the likes of me then," observed Fiddler Dick.

"I ain't proud," was the reply.

"I should be glad to see you, and no mistake!" exclaimed the former, his feelings highly gratified by the admission. "Bless you, you wouldn't know me, this place does disfigure a man so; natur' has no chance here."

This was an allusion to his cherished locks, which ere now had fallen before the ruthless scissors of the authorities, and whose loss had grieved him more than even his imprisonment.

"Well," said the man, with a smile, at the same time regarding the closely shorn bullet-head of the speaker, "a little hair might be an improvement."

"Improvement!" repeated the convict, bitterly; "I tell yer, yer wouldn't a known me with my 'air, especially when it was fresh iled."

The bell, the signal for the prisoners to retire for the night, soon afterwards rang, and the conversation ended—but Dick did not forget the acquaintance he had thus unexpectedly made. Something whispered it might one day prove useful to him, for events had already cast their shadow before them.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the LEDGER containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

THE FATED LOVERS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

It was on a calm, clear night, the slightly waning moon riding high in the blue heavens, and bathing the quiet earth in a flood of silvery light, that a young and beautiful maiden, robed in spotless white, was seen to issue from a fine old country mansion, and glide quietly through the surrounding shrubbery, ever and anon looking timidly back as if half expecting to behold a pursuer on her steps. Quickly and stealthily she glided on through the serpentine walks before her, till at length she reached a point some distance from the dwelling, where a tall, dark figure was pacing rapidly to and fro beneath the overarching foliage of the surrounding trees. As the maiden drew near, the figure suddenly sprang toward her, and disclosed the person of a comely young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, who, in a low, guarded, and somewhat impetuous tone, exclaimed—

"So, Mary, you have come at last!"

"Would to God, Edward, you had not!" she replied, in a voice which betrayed great excitement and alarm.

"How! Mary, how!—this from you!" said the young man, in a tone of reproach.

"Nay, Edward," she replied, "do not speak in this manner to me! You know I do not say it of myself, but because of the danger that menaces you. Had I not loved you—oh! so wildly, so madly—I had not been here to-night to urge you to fly, nor you been here to be in peril, which increases every moment we remain. You know what my father has said, what he has threatened, what he has sworn—that if he finds you upon his grounds again he will take your life—and yet you will persist in venturing to your destruction. The note you sent me by the girl Sarah, making this appointment for to-night, reached me but an hour ago; and then, oh! you know not what strange, wild, horrible feelings came over me as I read it. I trembled, grew sick and faint, and only by a great effort prevented myself from falling to the ground. Edward, something tells me this is the last time we shall ever meet; and unless you go immediately, I fear it may be so. Oh, for God's sake, fly! fly! and do not linger a moment! I came to warn and save you! We have not time for other things! My father has loaded his rifle, and too well I know for whom the ball is designed! Ah, should he by any accident discover you here, or even miss me from my chamber, and so suspect the truth, then God help us both! for to his anger you would surely fall a victim!"

While she thus spoke rapidly, looking fearfully round her, the young man stood with folded arms, compressed lips and knitted brows, his dark eyes fixed sternly and searchingly upon her pale, lovely face, as if he would look down through that into her very soul.

"Mary," he said, "do you fear your father as much as you would have me believe?"

"I do, Edward—you know I do; why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I hardly thought it possible for you to so fear your father!"

"But for you, Edward, not for myself!" she explained.

"I understand—I comprehend!" he coldly returned. "You fear him on my account, not that he will harm me, only that he does not approve of his rich and aristocratic daughter's uniting her fate with that of a man who has not the merit of owning a single acre in return, and the daughter thinks her father wise."

"You are cruel, Edward!" returned the other, reproachfully. "You think I have a base motive—that I am sordid, mercenary—that I look only to wealth; and yet, were all the Indies mine, and you a beggar, my choice would still be you!"

"Is this true, Mary?" he said, in a tone implying doubt.

"As holy writ, Edward!" she solemnly replied. "Do you then doubt me in everything?—my every word, my every act, my every thought?"

"But are your actions in keeping with your words, Mary?"

"In what manner?—what mean you?"

"That you say you love me, but will give me no proof of your affection, such as I give you. You say there is danger here—that my life is in peril!"

"Oh, yes, Edward, yes!" she said in a hushed tone, looking quickly and tremblingly around her.

"And yet you see I brave it," he said, "and would, were it an hundred times more perilous than it is! And yet in return you will bear nothing for me—not even the frown of an unjust, tyrannical parent!"

"Oh, Edward, what, indeed, would you have me do?" she exclaimed, in a tone of anguish.

"You know well, Mary, what I would have you do! I tell you not for the first—nor the second—nor even the twentieth time—that I would have you fly with me beyond your father's tyranny and persecution."

"But think of the consequences, Edward!"

"Aye, the old story—your father would be angry—he would disinherit you—he would kill me! And yet I care neither for his anger nor his wealth, but only for you! With you, dearest Mary," he pursued, in a softened tone, twining an arm around her slender waist, "with you I could be contented in a hovel—without you I should be miserable in a palace! You are my world—my all—and when you, to gratify the vindictive passions of an unfeeling father, refuse to fly with me and make me happy, I argue you cannot love as I love."

"Oh, no, Edward—no; it is not that!" she rejoined, in a soft, caressing tone; "but it is that I love you more than myself—more than anything else on earth—and because I wish to spare you future pain, that I will not consent to your rash proposition. Time may bring a change for us; and if you will but wait, patiently wait, Edward, the happy day may dawn ere long."

"Talk not to me of patience!" he bitterly rejoined; "for patience belongs to the school of stoical philosophy, and has naught to do with warm and passionate love. It is a word for plodders, for misers, but not for lovers."

"Hark!" exclaimed the other, trembling violently, and looking around in fearful apprehension. "Hark!" she repeated, in a hushed and warning tone. "I fancied I heard a footstep! Oh, God! if it should be my father!"

"You heard but the sighing of the breeze among the trees, or a footstep in your own imagination," replied the lover. "And even if it were your father, I would not fly—not I! No! I would stand here and face him, and tell him some plain truths to his very teeth!"

"But he would kill you, Edward! Oh, my God! he would kill you! He has sworn to do it, and he is not one to break his oath. Oh, fly! fly! before it is too late!—for my sake, fly!"

"Come with me, then, Mary, and I will fly, fast and far—anywhere, everywhere—to the world's end, if you say; but I cannot leave you behind to the machinations of the wicked—perhaps to another!"

"No, not to another, Edward! not to another! never! never! I swear it, by all things holy!"

"Yet you might break your oath at your father's command, since his sway over you seems to be so potent!"

"No! the grave shall hold me, ere I become the wife of any but you, dear Edward, and so believe me, as I hope for Heaven!"

"Then the grave will take you unwedded," he rejoined, "unless you come with me, for your father will never consent to our union. He is cold, harsh, vindictive, and has cause, perhaps, to hate my family, though not me, for an uncle of mine was his rival in his early love, and won the girl of his choice. He is proud, mercenary, scheming and ambitious, and so he married your mother—not for love, but for wealth and position. He never loved her living—he loves not her memory dead, and he loves not the only child she left behind her."

"Oh, you wrong him there, Edward!" said Mary. "He did love my mother as much as was in his nature—which is not so ardent as some—and I am sure he loves me."

"Aye, Mary, as the miser loves his gold, as the courtier loves his king—for advantage, money, position, power. He will have you marry a man of wealth and influence—marry for his own purpose, without regard to your feelings. If you consent, well—he will smile upon you; refuse, and see the result. You already see it, in so far as you have already crossed his wishes in regard to myself. Did he love you as you say, Mary, why does he hate another for loving you? why does he hate the man you love? and hate him, too, with that fiendish bitterness which is in the heart of the murderer! which may lead him to do a murder! I can bring nothing to his pride, for I am but a poor student yet, though the day may come when I shall rise to honorable distinction. I can add nothing to his wealth, for I have neither lands nor money, though the day may come when my acres will outnumber his. But as it is, because I can satisfy neither his ambition, pride nor inclination, he would crush me, and you with me, Mary, if necessary to his purpose."

"Then, since you see all the consequences that will follow, dear Edward," replied the maiden, "had you not better give way to time? and trust to years and Providence rather than rashness?"

"And lose you, Mary, for years?—live on in a faint hope that would be no hope? Oh, no—I cannot live so—I am miserable enough as it is. Without these stolen interviews, my life would be a torment: I would rather be in my grave. It is two years, now, since we first met at the house of our mutual friend; it is two years, now, since I knew what it was to love, and to hope I was beloved in return; and during that time my varied and conflicting emotions have made me the most happy and the most miserable of mortals. But destroy the brightness, the glorious light which has shone upon me through your affection, and you leave me only the darkness and the gloom—a darkness and a gloom that to my contemplation is worse than death itself. Oh, you must be mine, Mary, or soon I shall be no more! With you I will toil and struggle to fame, and wealth, and power; but without you, having no incentive to action, I shall go miserably down to the dark grave, unknown—unknown, and perhaps unwept!"

"Oh, dear Edward," began Mary, in a tremulous tone—but suddenly stopped and exclaimed—"Hist! my God! there is a step! I hear a footfall! And look, Edward—look! yonder comes my father! Do you not see him? there—there—moving cautiously among the bushes! Oh, fly! fly! lose not a moment! my heart tells me that something dreadful is about to happen!"

"For your sake, then, Mary, I will go," replied the other; "but not without one embrace—one at least—perhaps the last."

"Quick, then, Edward," she rejoined, impulsively throwing her fair arms around his neck; "and by this pledge know that I love you! and, whatever may happen, will love you only—will love you ever!"

The young man strained the fair girl passionately to his heart, imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and turned to depart. But just at that moment, that fatal moment, there was a flash, a report, and the maiden sunk down with a groan, clasping her breast, and exclaiming:

"Oh, God! I am shot! the ball, aimed for you, Edward, has done its work here!"

The lover turned quickly and wildly, and beheld her fair form at his very feet, her hands pressed upon her bosom; and, by the faint light of the moon, which struggled through the trees, he also beheld, with an agony of horror that no pen can describe—no imagination conceive—the warm, red current of life gushing through her fingers, and staining her before spotless garments. It was a moment of unspeakable horror—a horror beyond the power of brain and nerve to sustain; and with a wild, loud, prolonged shriek, he turned and fled!—fled from that ghastly sight—from the dying form of the being he loved!—but fled, alas! without reason—a hopeless maniac!

As he disappeared among the surrounding shrubbery, another—a tall, dark figure, with a rifle in his hand—came hurrying upon the scene, where lay the fair maiden who had fallen by his hand—but not by his intent—for the ball which had pierced her breast had been aimed at him she loved. The moment he saw her, he comprehended what he had done, he threw down his rifle, and caught her up in his arms, exclaiming in a voice of agony and horror combined:

"Oh, my God! my God! what have I done! Oh, Mary—dearest Mary—my sweet daughter—my only child—my only solace—my only hope—my all—speak to me—speak! in God's holy name, speak! ere I go mad! Have I killed you? have I killed you whom I so tenderly loved? Oh, merciful Heaven! what will become of me! The ball was not aimed at you, sweet one, but at him who would have wronged you!"

As he said this, kneeling upon the ground, clasping her in his arms, her life-blood streaming forth and staining his own garments—as he said this, looking wildly in her face, by the pale light of the moon, pressing his lips passionately to her marble cheeks and brow, as if he would press back the life that was going from her—she opened her eyes, looked up in his face, and with a gasping respiration uttered faintly:

"Father, you have killed me. I know you did not mean it—you meant the ball for my dear Edward. But it is better as it is; he was innocent of any wrong; I loved him, and feel it sweet to die for him. I forgive you, father, and you must pray God to forgive you as I do. I cannot live—I feel I am dying—and so—farewell!"

She closed her eyes, and sunk back into a state of unconsciousness. Wildly and passionately that agonized father begged and plead that she would speak to him again—once, if only once. But she spoke no more; those were the last words; those soft orbs were closed—those sweet lips were sealed—closed and sealed forever! She seemed to breathe a few minutes longer—painfully, gaspingly breathe—and then lay still in death—even in the arms of that agonized and wretched father, she lay still in death—those arms that had poised the rifle which had sped the ball to take her young and blooming life and send her pure spirit to the Eternal World.

* * * * * * * * *

Years passed on; and years brought the sequel, upon which we need not dwell. That father was tried for the murder of his child. But there was no positive proof that he committed the deed, and he escaped the highest penalty of human laws—though not the retributive penalty of the laws of God. There were but two who could have been witnesses against him: the one the lover—who, from the moment of the fatal act, lost the reason which he never regained, and died in a madhouse: the other a servant, who chanced to see the deed committed, but was bribed to leave the country, and suffer his own name to be tarnished with the accusation of guilt. Through the long, tedious trial which followed, and the train of consequences, resulting directly from the awful act, that proud, wealthy, scheming, ambitious, iron-hearted parent was reduced to absolute poverty, and at last died miserably, a wretched victim of remorse. A few years later, the beautiful grounds around his fated mansion became the cemetery of one of the most populous and flourishing of our Southern cities; and the scene, consecrated by death and misery, became the quiet resting place of the dead from other homes.

In the spring of 1844, the writer of this passed along the beautiful, undulating, shady, and winding walks of that lovely and quiet retreat, and paused beside a tall, pointed monument, which had upon it a single inscription, the family-name of her who there fell by a father's hand and now sleeps beneath. A friend who stood there beside me, and knew the sad and tragic history of the spot, told me the story in his own way, superstitiously adding, that in lonely moonlight nights, the spirit of this fated maiden, robed in white, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, might be seen to glide swiftly through the trees, and disappear with a wail of woe!

CONSEQUENCES OF GIVING ADVICE.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend, I advise you to refrain from it in future." The other naturally affected by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some return. I would as sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes actually resemble the squallings of the feline race." The result of this precipitancy was, that the advice of neither was followed: the one continued to sing, and the other to dance; but they never after met as friends.

IGNORANCE.

There was a time when Ignorance could scarcely be called a vice. In the dark ages, ignorance was a matter of necessity with the great bulk of mankind; and we ought rather to pity the mistaken notions and rude ferocity of manners to which that ignorance gave rise, as inevitable consequences of a cause over which our ancestors had no control, than to ridicule the former, or declaim against the latter. But in the present enligthened state of our country, the meanest among us has no excuse for being ignorant. To the poorest and humblest of America's sons and daughters, means of information and improvement are now accessible, which, in the earlier and dark ages did not exist, even for the wealthy and noble.

RESIGNATION AND FORTITUDE.—In one of the battles fought by the Duke of Enghein, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after a long silence, thus offered him consolation: "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

LITTLE HERBERT

BY AUNT AUGUSTA.

Little household angel,
Sitting on the floor,
Gazing at the window,
Peeping towards the door

List'ning, smiling, breathless,
For the entering feet;
Oh! beloved baby,
What is half so sweet?

Innocent magician,
Whose enchanting wiles
Turns the children's weeping
Into merry smiles.

Charm the heart of sorrow,
Smooth the brow of care
Oh! beloved baby!
What is half so fair?

Yet how strangely sitteth
Gravity and grace,
With their mystic meaning,
On thine infant face.

Oh! our dove-eyed darling,
Wherefore dost thou sigh,
Art thou inly pining
For thy home on high?

Cannot all our loving
Make thee quite forget,
Mansions whose pure glory
Lingers round thee yet?

Tarry with us, Angel,
Messenger from Heaven—
That for help and healing,
Was so kindly given.

Tho' *we* may not love thee
As they love thee *there*,
Tho' *our* home is darker
Than *those* mansions fair

Yet we love thee, baby,
With our *utmost* love;
Tarry with us, Angel,
Sent us from above.

THE WEDDING TICKET;

OR,

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ERSKINE.

"Rich?"

"*Very.*"

"Handsome?"

"He was the handsomest man in his class when he graduated. All the ladies fell in love with him on commencement-day."

"And he is to be here next week?"

"Yes—on a visit to his cousin, Charles Kingsbury, who bought the old Fairfield Place."

"I will *catch* him!" and Kate Loring glanced, as she spoke, into her mirror, with a glance of anticipated victory, a light sparkling in her eyes, not unlike that Napoleonic fire which was emitted from the eyes of "the man of Destiny," when he said, on the eve of one of his battles, "I will on the morrow defeat the enemy, and capture his cannon!"

The other dialoguist in the boudoir of the fair maiden was her second cousin, Jane Jarvis, a sort of dependent, who, for want of a home—being an orphan and poor—lived, or rather stayed, beneath the roof of her relative; a nice, clever, humble, pious girl of eight-and-twenty, who never had an opinion of her own in the presence of her cousin; who sat at the angle of the table; who never took pie, or pudding, or any delicacy, unless she knew there was a surplusage for her after everybody else had been helped! an humble, despised poor relation, who could fill a corner and make herself useful, and actually, by her services in the household, canceled her state of dependence, day by day.

Kate Loring was dressed for a party at the opening of our story. Without doubt she looked fascinating. Her eyes were dangerous in their wicked and bewitching play of expression. Her smiles were bewildering! Her voice, in some of its tones—and she well knew the power of these certain captivating intonations—was irresistible!

The scene of our tale is a village in New York, but a village of intelligence, wealth and fashion! a *suburb* of New York ninety miles off, but the ladies of which do their shopping in Broadway. Railroads have thus made innumerable villages suburban, where is to be found, more or less like the pattern, society a la metropolitaine.

Kate Loring was the belle of the village, and would have been a belle in Fifth Avenue. Her father was a talented lawyer, who had become intemperate, yet held his own; for he was a scholar, as well as a gentleman "to the manor born," and even in his cups he carried himself with the dignified port of a gentleman, challenging respect even from those who would have cut him. He was of course poor, but had managed to give his only child an education of the highest order at a boarding-school in New York, which, since her mother's death, in Kate's seventh year, had been her home until four months prior to the opening of our tale, when she came back to her father a magnificent creature, and creating a sensation in every stratum of society.

She was a very dangerous person, therefore. Her father had inherited from a deceased brother in Troy five thousand dollars, just as Kate left school, and keeping one thousand to provide good wines for himself, he gave the rest to Kate, say-Kate, saying—

"There, my dashing dragon! Take that and bate hooks, and catch a fish with silver gills. It is all your poor devil of a father can do for you! But don't take up with vulgar suckers and gudgeons! Goldfish, girl! Remember you are of good blood, and are the great-grand-daughter of one of the old colonial governors! Stand by blood, Kate, but get a rich husband."

The "belle" went to the party for which she was dressed, and "cousin Jane," like the little-feeted Cinderella, staid at home, in patience and humility! for poor humanity soon adapts itself to any position into which it falls when poured out of the cornucopia of Fortune.

The high birth, beauty, education, wit and presumption of Kate Loring obtained for her all the deference and homage her heart could covet. She moved through the gay halls, the "queen confessed of beauty and of fashion!"

Late in the festivities two gentlemen entered the room. At the moment she was haughtily examining a lovely girl, who had received great attention and been pre-engaged for seven or eight sets, while, when not dancing, the gentlemen gathered about her with admiration. Not that Kate had not a dozen pre-engagements, and was not herself the cynosure of a brilliant circle of gentlemen, when she was not dancing; but, like Haman, she not only desired honor for herself, but envied Mordecai! While Miss Gardiner (Augustine Gardiner, as she heard her name was) received such attention, she was miserable amid the court which her own beauty and talents had assembled around her.

She had not noticed this fair, blue-eyed maiden early in the evening, and only when she beheld her engaged by the best dancers and the most desirable young gentlemen in the room, after they had danced with herself.

"Who is that girl?" she had asked of a young lawyer near her.

"Do you mean Miss Teenie Gardiner? I see you look at her."

"That is her name."

"Augustine. She is the daughter of our senator. She has been in the West for a year—at St. Louis I believe—and only got home last week. She is one of the most amiable and sweet girls I ever knew. She is universally beloved. You ought to know her. But then you have been for years in New York; and——"

"Is she rich?"

"Not worth five hundred dollars."

A smile of satisfaction passed over the belle's face, yet it disappeared as she perceived, while the young lady laughed merrily, and replied to some remarks made by those men, how sweetly her eyes beamed and how full of beauty and grace was her smile, while her manners were surpassingly attractive: and she hated her in her heart!

Later in the evening, near twelve o'clock, Miss Loring had chanced to be thrown so near Augustine Gardiner as to render it impossible that the gentlemen, mutually acquainted with each lady, who were conversing with both, should not introduce them. But Miss Loring persistingly looked away, as if to prevent it; but in vain! The "rivals" (shall we call them so yet?) were presented. Augustine smiled cordially, and extended her hand, which Kate coldly touched. Miss Gardiner, evidently from her demonstrative manner, would have sought to be friends with her, but was repelled by her haughty looks and liveless hand-hold. She felt that "Miss Loring did not like her, or had taken a dislike to her," as these were the ideas which flashed through her mind; and without heeding her farther, yet coloring with feeling, as every sensitive and high-minded girl would at such a reception, she resumed, at perfect ease, her conversation which this introduction had interrupted.

"Eh bien," ejaculated Franklin Muzy, the young lawyer, aside to his turf-loving and racing friend Robert Dunlap, "the lioness looks upon the fair Augustine as a rival in the forest!"

"I think so, evidently," was the response; "and well she may: for if soul, heart, loving eyes, grace, and feminine gentleness, and a sweet temper (which Miss Kate vastly lacks) make up a rival to her, she may well tremble for her sceptre! For my part, Miss Gardiner is far the most attractive person. Miss Loring makes a dashing belle, and I admire her splendid points; but, egad! she would never do to harness into the break-waggon of matrimony. She would kick it into a million pieces! Under the saddle she is superb—in harness she would be the devil! Couldn't break her in! While here is Teenie Gardiner—hasn't the least viciousness; gentle as an Arabian, yet full of game; more gentle in harness, and under the saddle could be guided with a silken thread. Come, let us go out on the verandah, and have a few puffs of a cigar."

Kate stood, as we have said, a little way back, engaged in looking at Miss Gardiner, to whom she saw a gentleman giving a japonica, which she herself had begged him for in vain. Her face betrayed her displeasure and her jealousy. It was at this moment the two gentlemen entered, alluded to half a column back. The moment her eyes rested upon them she saw they were men of mark and of fashion. One of them (both were fine-looking, though one was half-a-dozen years the senior of his companion) was remarkably good-looking. He was of good hight, finely formed, manly in shape and carriage, with a proud air of self-possession, like a young man who had always moved in the best circles of social life. He was dressed well, without foppery, yet fully up to the fashion. His hair was dark and wavy, and was worn freely and with tasteful negligence about his brow and temples. His upper lip was finely darkened by a moustache. Altogether he was a distinguished and presentable young man in his outward seeming, while his head expressed intellect, and his face a genial and agreeable temperament.

"Who is he?" she eagerly asked of a captain of militia who was near her, and a desperate lover.

"I don't know, Miss, but I'll——"

"Stay! I'll now know!" and her eyes flashed as she saw them approach Miss Gardiner, and both shake hands with her like old friends; but her keen eyes detected a sort of *empressment* and timidity of the eye in the latter which led her to see that he was not insensible to her beauty. "Tell me, William Allen," she said to a young gentleman, "who is that?"

"That is Mr. Stanfield. He is the cousin to Mr. Charles Kingsbury there! He is a rich young——"

"No more! I know all about him," she answered, turning pale.

She now left the circle of young gentlemen, who were wondering at her indifference to their devotions, and going straight to a gentleman whom she had seen shake hands with Mr. Augustus Stanfield, said to him—

"I see you know Mr. Stanfield?"

"Oh, yes—well! We were in college together."

"Is he a good dancer?"

"I dare say."

"Present him to me!"

"He is now talking with Miss Gardiner."

"That is of no consequence. Go and bring him hither!"

The gentleman obeyed; for beauty is kingly in its imperative power, and men are its willing vassals.

"Stanfield, you have made a conquest of the queen of the night!" he said, smiling. "She says you must be presented to her."

"Here, then, is my homage due," answered the young man, "as I am already in her presence!"

"There are rival stars, then! While Venus shines in the west, lo! there rises and shines in rival glory the star in the east! I allude to Miss Loring, whom you behold!"

"I have heard of her as a great beauty! I desire to be presented!"

Miss Gardiner was already engaged in conversation with two other gentlemen, and Mr. Stanfield, taking his friend's arm, was presented to Miss Loring.

From that moment the belle concentrated in her soul all her powers of beauty, manner, voice and glance. Every charm she hightened by infusing therein the fascinations which she knew so well how to command. Her eyes became batteries of artillery! Every eyelash was a lance! Every glance an arrow tipped with poison! The tones of her voice were as dangerous as a syren's, and her laugh was bewildering.

Mr. Stanfield was entranced. Like one of those sailors in the magic isles of the South Seas, who hear wild and mysterious music from the waves, which draws him insensibly into the snare of the mermaids, who lure him to his destruction; so the soul of the young man was captivated, and he willingly gave himself up to the subtle charm which the dangerous girl threw about his senses.

Indeed he must have been more than human to have resisted the whole force and armament of her beauty and graces brought to bear upon him for his entanglement. Every eye witnessed his perfect captivation; and it was observed, by that sort of people who use *both* eyes, that Miss Gardiner had lost her spirits, and grew pale, and was restless, and seemed to forget all else but to watch the progress of a flirtation, the most brilliant, successful, and daring the annals of ball-rooms in the town of R—— had ever recorded.

Kate Loring that night sought her late couch with an Io triumphe, while Augustine Gardiner went to hers with tears. She had loved Stanfield when she met him months before on his travels in St. Louis, and letters had passed between them. But there was no engagement; yet she looked forward to his proposing when they should meet; and she had believed that his visit to his cousin was on purpose to see and propose to her. But she had seen how the daring Miss Loring had ensnared and taken him captive at will, and her heart began to swell with sorrow and disappointed love—than which, of all the heart's wretchedness, earth has no heavier or more keen.

For three weeks after the ball Kate Loring reigned the mistress of Stanfield's heart, and even of his senses. As the fierce Roman conquerors would have led Cleopatra captured, at their chariot wheels in their triumphant march through the gates of Rome, had not the proud victim anticipated their revenge, so the belle actually led Augustus Stanfield at the chariot wheels of her beauty, in chains to which he willingly offered his neck, hands and feet.

Augustine mourned in secret.

Kate rejoiced in public.

The world pitied the former, and, (as the world always does,) gave their admiration and sympathies to the successful one.

Kate sought her conquest for gold!

Augustine loved ere she knew that he was rich; and now that she knew he was rich, why should she love him less?

Stanfield, in the meanwhile, was not an automaton altogether, to move as Kate pulled the wires. He was a young man, by nature of brilliant talents, finished education, and polished address, over which a generous temper and amiable feelings had cast the halo of their own pleasant radiance.

He had not been Kate's victim more than three weeks ere he saw that the beautiful serpent had fangs with poison in them! As they became intimate, and she believed he could not break from the meshes she had thrown about him, she cast off her cautious reserve, and suffered her real character, (which was supremely selfish,) to display itself.

The masque removed, Augustus saw that the beauty was vain, petulant, jealous, slanderous, selfish, and destitute of principle. He was pained to discover that she was unworthy of being an honorable man's wife, and he rejoiced that he had not committed himself (dazzled by her beauty) to an engagement with her. But there was no quarrel. only he ceased to visit her for a week.

Blind to her own character, and unaware of her position in his estimation, she imagined that Miss Gardiner had been her enemy and spoken against her. But she did not openly betray her chagrin and her suspicions.

A few days afterwards, a wedding of one of her friends was to take place, and Kate was the bride's-maid. Invitations were written and sent from the bride's residence to all the friends, including Augustine Gardiner. Mr. Stanfield was also invited. Kate had no sooner read the card to him than she resolved she would at the wedding appear so brilliant and powerful, that she would win him back to her meshes.

The ticket to Miss Augustine she secretly abstracted from the table at which they were all directed, and concealed in her bosom. The servant with the filled basket left to distribute the invitations, the theft, unseen.

As Kate dressed for the wedding, she was excited with revenge and hope.

"*She* will not be there! I shall have his society all to myself. I hear that they had yesterday a lover's quarrel! This will be my time to strike before they make up. I will use my power! What is beauty for, if it is helpless to achieve conquest where it will. I will to-night have the whole field to myself. He will come hoping to see *her!* for I hear that he has called there to see her, since he has been to visit me! But I will be avenged on her! She shall have the ticket, but not now! I will keep it until the day after the wedding, and then drop it in the office. It will be regarded as some mistake!"

That night Kate surpassed herself in the glory of her beauty. Stanfield was at the ceremony; but instantly left. When she looked for him he was nowhere to be found. At length she inquired of the bride what had become of him?

"He asked me whether Miss Gardiner was coming! I said she had been invited! He expressed his surprise at not finding her here, and bade me 'good night,' saying he feared she must be ill!"

Kate bit her lip!

All that evening she was in ill-humor, and so disagreeable that she caused every gentleman to escape from the cloud which seemed to envelope her. At an early hour she left, after being convinced that Stanfield would not come back!

The young man had gone directly to the abode of Augustine. They had had, as we have hinted, a slight misunderstanding two days before, and were yet unreconciled. He now found her seated upon the portico in the moonlight. He approached with hesitation in his manner.

"Are you not going to the wedding, Miss Augustine?" he asked.

"I have received no invitation," she answered, pleasantly and quietly, as if nothing had occurred.

"This is strange. The bride distinctly told me you were invited!"

"It was then an oversight that it did not reach me. And did you take the trouble to ask for *me*, when Miss Loring was there?"

"I have no interest in Miss Loring! I found *you* were not there, and I left to seek you, fearing you were ill!"

"You were very kind," she answered, in a voice which was low and sweet, with the fullness of its joy.

He took her hand in his. The pressure was returned. They seemed both to understand each other in that brief moment.

"Come, Augustine, let us walk a little in these moonlit avenues."

"Are you not going back to——"

"I am going to remain *here*, if you will permit!" he said, decidedly.

Her heart bounded with delight. She felt that the dream of her soul was to be realized. She now felt that Augustus loved her.

So they walked together in the garden, now in silence, now in sweet discourse, until they came to an alcove by a rivulet. Here he seated himself, and drew her to his side; and here he breathed into her willing ears the tale of his passion.

The moon has seldom shone upon two happier lovers than they, as long afterwards they returned arm entwined with arm, to her house. As he parted from her the words:

"Three weeks from Thursday, then, dear Augustus," soft and tenderly fell from her lips.

Three weeks from the following Thursday they were married!

We will not attempt to depict the rage, consternation and mortification of Miss Loring, when it was told her by a friend of Augustine's the day afterwards, in reply to her question:

"How did they become reconciled!" that they had made up the night he went back to see why she was not at the wedding; when a walk in the garden brought on a declaration and an engagement; "and even the very time for the nuptials was settled upon ere they parted," added the young lady.

Miss Loring felt the arrow pierce to the depths of her soul.

"My shaft aimed at my rival," she cried, as she reached her own room and was alone, "has pierced my own bosom! But for me they would not have met in private that night! In planning to deprive him of her presence, I have thrown them into each other's arms!"

"And justly punished for your treachery," said to herself Jane Jarvis, who overheard her self-accusations. "She deserves it all! It is a just judgment upon her! Honesty, she'll find at last, is the best policy; and if one will sow the wind, they must be content to reap the whirlwind."

Miss Loring still lives, at three-and-thirty years of age. Her father has long since gone down to the grave, but on the front of his law-office still is fixed his law sign; but instead of the old gilt letters—

"W. R. LORING, ESQ.,
Attorney at Law,"

is to be read on a coat of blue paint effacing these letters—

MISS C. LORING,
Music Teacher.

One of her pupils is a lovely child of ten, whom we see at the piano with Miss Loring (still fadedly and sourly handsome, with an old maidish air) bending over her teaching the scale. On the back of the sweet child's music book we can see its name in gilt letters, relieved by red morocco:

AUGUSTINE GARDINER STANFIELD.

Miss Jarvis, by patience and virtue, and the force of sterling qualities, won the esteem of Mr. Charles Kingsbury, and ultimately became his wife; and through her influence Miss Loring has obtained not only little Teenie Stanfield, but other pupils.

Beauty is power only when its sceptre is enwreathed with truth and goodness. The crown of female loveliness is a heart pure and gentle.

A beautiful woman with a bad heart is like discord in harmony. The woman who trusts alone to her charms will sooner or later be destroyed by them. So with these aphorisms we close our story.

CORSICAN VENGEANCE.

The Corsicans are or were as famous for their horsemanship as for indomitable courage, love of country, hardihood, and a fierce, vindictive spirit. At different periods, different nations may have claimed allegiance obtained by conquest; but the hardy Corsicans, united by a spirit of clanship, and confiding in the strongholds of their island, have set at defiance laws promulgated by an usurping power.

The occurrence which I am about to relate happened in the early part of the sixteenth century. Tonino, a humble member of the family of Guitera, the head of which was his feudal lord, was betrothed to a young shepherdess, named Maria, whom he treated with more kindness than the Corsicans generally bestowed upon their females, who, having often suffered from the effects of the ferocious jealousy of the males, regarded them with terror, and always approached them with misgivings. One day, Tonino, as he climed the precipitous sides of the mountains, in search of his beloved, suddenly encountered his kinsman, the lord of Guitera. The humble retainer, as he sprang forward to greet the *seigneur*, was struck with the sinister expression of his countenance, in which a malicious smile seemed to be contending with a look of confusion. He hastily inquired for his betrothed. "I have not seen her," replied the noble; "but I forget not that she is to be thy bride. Hold! I do not offer this purse and this diamond bauble as a dowry, but as a remembrance. No thanks! I wish you a good day's sport, and joy of your conquest."

As he sprang down the rocks, he cast back a look of such dark malignity at Tonino, that the latter, almost instinctively, unslung the big gun that hung at his back. He hastened, however, with the gifts of the noble, to the presence of his mistress. She was reclining in her favorite seat; but her staff had fallen from her hand, and her little dog was stretched dead at her feet. Her dress was in wild disorder; and, as her lover sought to embrace her, she fled from his arms, with a loud shriek. He laid the purse and the diamond cross on the ground before her. "You have seen him," she cried. "I have," replied the bewildered Tonino; "and these gifts——" "Are the price of my dishonor!" she cried, in a voice of horror. As she uttered these words, standing on the edge of a precipice, she touched the gold with her foot, and it rolled into the deep chasm. "It is an emblem of my fate—I follow it!" cried the unhappy girl, and she flung herself from the rocky parapet, while Tonino stood, rooted to the spot, as immovable as if he had been hewn from the rock itself. An instant afterwards, he regained his senses; he rushed forward to the edge of the gulf, and wildly waived his arms, as if preparing to follow Maria, when the glittering cross attracted his eye, and he stooped to pick it up. Raising it high in the air, he breathed a vow of vengeance.

* * * * * * * * *

The next day was the annual festival, at which half-wild horses were caught by the lasso, tamed and ridden by the adventurous Corsicans. The scene of the sports was a green *plateau*, among the mountains, in the center of which stood the rustic pavilion of the Lord of Guitera, surmounted by a standard emblazoned with his arms. It was the custom of the *seigneur* to reward the victor in the games, by presenting him with a richly-ornamented gun. While all eyes were fixed upon the horses, dashing round the arena in wild freedom, snorting, throwing the foam from their mouths, and tossing their ragged manes in the air, Tonino, pale, haggard, and scowling, suddenly appeared. He held in his hand the formidable *lasso*—a rope furnished with a noose—and, suddenly dashing into the center of the plateau, he threw it around the legs of a strong horse, and pulled him to the ground. Ere the animal could recover himself, the victor had bitted and saddled him; and when he arose furiously to his legs he was forced to obedience by the sharpness of the curb. Dashing around the circle, at full speed, Tonino was hailed with acclamations, as the winner of the prize; but his dusky lips betrayed no smile of triumph, as he approached the pavilion to receive the gun.

Reining in his steed, with a suddenness that almost threw him upon his haunches, the fierce Corsican awaited the approach of his enemy, who slowly descended from the platform, on which his pavilion stood, and, having gained the level ground, without daring to look the victor in the face, extended the prize gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, inlaid with silver. Tonino seized the weapon by the muzzle, and cast it from him. The lord of Guitera laid his hand upon his poniard, and bent a furtive glance upon his guards, as if anxious, yet afraid, to bid them advance. But now, the eyes of Tonino almost emitted gleams of fire—and, rising in his stirrups, he threw his right arm aloft, and whirled his fatal lasso thrice around his head. At the third revolution of the rope, it descended over the body of the feudal chieftain, and, an instant after, he was writhing in the strict embrace of the noose. The attack was so sudden, that the guards were paralyzed; and the avenger, taking advantage of their panic, plunged his rowels, to the heels, in the flanks of his wild steed, and the tortured animal launched forth in fleet career, dragging the body of the noble at his heels. The wild horse rushed to the verge of the plateau, where the hue of the vegetation brightened into a more vivid tint, marking the boundary of the dangerous morasses. Here, as if instinctively aware of peril, the horse recoiled; but a heavy plunge of the spur sent him into the treacherous waste. Here he floundered for a moment, and the Corsicans beheld their lord rising, in an agony of fear, and clinging to the stirrup of Tonino. The latter spurned him from his side, and, urging his horse forward, uttered one fierce shout of exultation, ere he sank with his victim—and the treacherous morass closed over them forever.

BE SOMETHING.

"The present moment is our own,
The next we never saw,"

wrote Burns, and the maxim is invaluable when we come to consider that the proper value of so fleeting a possession is the beneficial use to which it can be applied. The application is, moreover, a duty of the highest character, and the mode of procedure a study that requires the concentration of the mind upon the development of a cherished and distinctly marked out object. The man that would succeed in any undertaking must submit to the wholesome restraints imposed by the conduct necessary to be observed in the working out of the peculiar views he had formed. He must, in short, systematise himself by the most rigid discipline. As the lawyers say, if he wishes to be something, he must not travel out of the record. Take a familiar and well-authenticated instance. One of our richest city merchants was very poor when he was a boy, and when asked how he had obtained his wealth, he delivered this characteristic reply:

"I resolved very early to *be something;* and knowing that I must proceed by rule, I put in practice a lesson I had received at a time when I was too young to see the great use it would be to me. My father taught me never to play till my work for the day was finished, and never spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play, and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do. It is to this habit that I owe my present prosperity."

But the means here indicated would have been nothing without the original impulse, the strong will, and solemn promise to "be something." This is the text that we would set in letters of gold before every young person, because it is the sacred duty of every one to perform some distinct character on the stage of life. Some seem to think that man was made to rust out his life, instead of having his share of work to perform. This is an evil of a very aggravated description, and can only be eradicated by the intense conviction that we are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done anything for the benefit of the human race.

Nothing can be plainer than that a man was never intended to be brought up in idleness. What would the world be if men were to live upon the accumulations of their ancestors? Why a barren waste, a howling desert, a very Pandemonium, in whose fitful gleams the forms of demons, not men, would be revealed. But the obligation to labor, to be something more than an automaton, is so manifest, that the man who does nothing is a mere cipher—he is cut off from all fellowship with his kind—and when he dies he is considered as no better than a discharged incumbrance, a human item which has not fulfilled the obligations for which it was sent into the world. The man who has done something never dies unregretted. The man who does nothing—who is destitute of aims—be he as rich as Crœsus, is no better than a cipher—he cannot possess the proper feelings of a citizen—and must therefore take his ignominious place among the drones.

"Be something" is, then, an eloquent command emanating from the very source of all things; for even the affluent ought to remember that "riches have wings," that hopes may be blighted, and in a moment double-faced fortune present her frowning, chilling side to the most favored of the children of ignoble ease.

DICTATORIAL MANNERS.

In the too-frequent way of communicating even useful counsel, there is almost invariably something to vex, often to insult, and almost always the arrogance which assumes authority, and exercises a spirit of despotism. Now, if men were as willing, and as ready, to give reasons as they are to give rules, much mischief might be prevented, and some good might be done. Pride is undoubtedly gratified by being enabled to deal out its animadversions, and self-regard is flattered, but at a terrible expense, a great sacrifice of benevolence. Yet, it is no small part of good-breeding and good morals to give appropriate advise appropriately.

SHE WAS IN A HURRY.—A gentleman was one day composing music for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh!" she replied, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better." The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at her word.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—A young student, on his return after the vacation, wishing to enjoy the sports of the field, purchsed, to his loss, a horse that had been fired in all his legs; and consulting his friends as to a proper name for his hunter, one of them thought *Cannon-Ball* very appropriate, as it would not go without *firing*.

A GOOD ONE.—"Bobby, what is steam?"—"Boiling water." "That's right; compare it."—"Positive, *boil;* comparative, *boiler;* superlative *burst*."

LINDA DYING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

My life's young dream of Paradise,
Thou wilt be realized to-night!
And I shall rest beyond the skies,
'Mid *changeless* love and cloudless light—
Shall gaze on the eternal Heaven
And things undying, strangely fair—
Yet—be this one regret forgiven—
My mother—I shall miss thee there!

Last even Arthur passed among
The violets on yon twilight hill
And told me—oh, my heart is wrung,
Yet thou shalt know—he loved me still,
But that this night's cold stars would hear
Another called his bride! Oh, I
Ere then must find a *far-off* sphere
Where—haste, slow hours, and let me die.

Here is a rose-bud formed of pearls,
The only gem I ever wore—
He's gathered up these careless curls
And shrined it mid them oft of yore.
Tell him to sometimes twine it through
The darkness of his bride's rich hair,
And think that *Linda loved him too*,
Whene'er he sees the trifle there.

And, mother, see this sunny braid,
The curl that erewhile kissed his brow,
Oh, when in you hushed grave I'm laid,
Let it enclasp my arm as now.
And this—would, would that I could bear
His picture with me to the skies—
Lest, mid the angel-beauty there,
I sigh to gaze in *his* blue eyes!

The night in pity vails her stars,
I hear the sweep of seraph wings—
They come—and through the Eden bars
A strange, deep music faintly rings.
Ah, now the last, dim, lingering spark
Fades in God's temple's boundless dome—
Ere long the skies will be so dark
There angels scarce can guide me home!

Vain fear,—a flood of lovely light
Breaks from their wings to gild the way-
Most richly, gloriously bright
Will be the path where I shall stray.
Yet hear the rising wind, the rain,
More dark the clouds each instant grow-
Haste, *mother!* kiss me once again,
And let thy weary Linda go!

HOME COMFORTS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the supper-table, and took his hat.

"O—I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?"

"What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind, but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. *If I did not love you as I do*, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. O—if you would stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha—I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me *here* evenings."

"Well—can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember—one of our plans was to make a HOME."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "And," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Aye—I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxations from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what season have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home evenings, as well as in the daytime and in the night?"

"Well—isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not realize how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

"Just remember, my husband, that, previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there—and I had brothers and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave all up for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why—I should like it well enough."

"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him.—She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O—I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well. I shall be back in good season."

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and refer frequently to the dial. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor, and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and performed several of his favorite airs. After this he got a pack of cards, and played a game of "High, Low, Jack," with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George—I am back in good season. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have had a good time."

"O—splendid. I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all. Isn't it?"

"Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George. "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced some at this, out he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

"I shall be back in good season," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"O—I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it hard work. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if *she* were here." The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!"

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes of ten Emma came.

"A little late, ain't I?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends, and we made a time of it. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think Home is a great place."

"Especially when one can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate some.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."

"O—certainly."

When the husband was left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—he could not enjoy himself in any way, while THAT CHAIR was empty. In short, he found that Home had no real comfort without his wife. The ONE THING needed to make his Home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself:

"I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare—I've a mind to walk down by Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and, with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered:

"I will confess the truth, George: I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say you so," cried George, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit [illegible] When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm—

"I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much Home Comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it nevertheless; and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTICE writes us that recently, on the acquittal by a jury, in Kentucky, of a young man who had been tried on a charge of murder, for killing a man who had committed a breach of promise of marriage with his sister under circumstances which blighted her fair name forever, the judge who presided at the trial said, among other things, to the prisoner, "Young man, had I been wronged as you have been, I would have spent every dollar I had on earth, and all that I could have begged and borrowed, and then starved upon the track of the villain, but I would have imbrued my hands in his blood!" Our correspondent says the community round about Louisville, where he lives, consider this most outrageous language for a judge to utter from his judicial seat, and he wants to know what we think about it. We agree with "the community round about Louisville." We read the remarks referred to, in the Louisville Journal, soon after they were made, and we then thought them to be a disgrace to the judicial office. If judges preach such doctrine from the bench, what sort of conduct are we to expect from the ignorant and revengeful members of society who hear it? *The law should be upheld under any and all circumstances.* It is our only safety. If one man may with impunity shoot down a fellow-citizen in the street for what offended *him*, then another man, or any man, or all men, may shoot down his or their offenders in like manner, and we are back into a state of barbarism at once. If there *is* an offence for which it is proper to shoot a man down like a dog, let us have it so declared by *the law-making power*, that the act may be legalized, and that the community may know what to expect.

LILLIAN says she is very unhappy, because her mother does not love her. She used to love her before she married a second husband; but since that her mother neglects and ill-uses her so that Lillian, who has the consumption and cannot live long, wants to die away from home, for fear that her last hours will be made unbearably wretched, if she dies beneath her step-father's roof. It seems to us that there must be some mistake here. Lillian's mind has probably become morbid, and she misunderstands her mother, and exaggerates trifles into matters of serious consequence. It does not seem possible that a mother could treat a dying daughter so shamefully as to excite in her such a mournful, not to say terrible, state of feeling as Lillian exhibits. If there is a mother in the land capable of such conduct, we hope this paragraph will meet her eye, and make her pause in her cruel career, before her daughter shall be taken to the bosom of the Great Father who is to judge us all.

LIZZIE.—You had better trust to your own instincts instead of your brother's judgment. A woman's instinctive aversion to a man whom she believes to be a bad man, without knowing why, should not be overruled by her brother's intellectual judgment of his character. A woman's instincts are more apt to be true in such a matter, than a man's judgment. Your subscription to the LEDGER can date from any time you choose.

OPOSSUM.—You had better take a manly and straightforward course, and tell the young lady's parents just what you desire. We prefer the upright course in all things. Your opossum tricks will not serve you in the end.

PUGILIST.—We cannot sympathize with you at all. The exhibition of brutal rage disgusts us; and we have a perfect abhorrence of the knock-down-and-drag-out system of tactics. You did very wrong to get into a "row" with the stranger, and thereby break up the party which had collected for innocent amusement and enjoyment. The young ladies serve you right in refusing since that time to attend any party or pic-nic where it is known you are to be present. You should imitate the renegade, Ralph Hawley, depicted in Bennett's story of "BLANCHE BERTRAND," and take refuge among the aborigines of the forest. Among them your qualities would probably be appreciated, and the "fair squaws" would not refuse to receive you into their society.

ALPHONSO.—When a couple of young men become embittered against each other, it is not necessary for one to "keep out of company" because the other frequents it. If a man meets his enemy in company, he can behave towards him in a perfectly polite yet *frigid* manner, so as not to mar the general harmony. If a person is of such an inferior nature that he cannot relish society because somebody else, whom he dislikes, enjoys it, he had better stay at home and read the story of Haman and Mordecai.

HAZEN.—You can get a complete file of the LEDGER from June 7th, 1856. The papers will cost you $4, and to get them bound will cost you $2 to $4 more, according as you can make a bargain. Binders have to charge high for such odd jobs, in order to make them profitable.

JAMES R.—You must apply to the British post-office authorities for information, explanations, and redress. Such mistakes do, and *will*, occur, no matter how careful the clerks and agents of the post-office department may be.

CLEOPATRA has been courted by a rich widower for nearly a year, and they were engaged to be married about two months ago. Within a very short time, "a dashing widow" has made her appearance in the village wherein Cleopatra lives, and from the day she took up her abode therein, the attentions of the widower lover have rapidly abated. He has been seen in close conversation with the widow on several occasions, and Cleopatra is nearly heart-broken from apprehension that she is to be deserted by her lover, whom the intriguing widow is (as Cleopatra is convinced) trying to win away from her, and she asks, "What shall I do? Would it do any good to accuse him of his inconstancy? Would it be of any use to call on the widow, and state the case to her? What *shall* I do?" You had better not do either of the things suggested. Should you accuse your lover of inconstancy, you and he would have a first-class quarrel, and there would certainly be an end of your hopes. Should you call on the widow and "state your case to her," she would of course tell your lover of it, and he would be furious at your interference, while *she* would laugh at you. Your best course is to do nothing, except to be as good and amiable as you possibly can. If your lover is base enough to forfeit his word and his honor, he must be a miserable fellow, and the sooner you get rid of him the better. You say you have his letters to you. Keep them, and if he marries the "dashing widow," sue him for breach of promise; and as you are poor and he is rich, the jury will give you consolatory damages. It is very bad policy for a girl to try to make a man marry her who wants to marry somebody else.

G. F.—The authorship of the term "*Know thyself*," has been generally attributed to Thales, the Milesian, a cotemporary of Josiah, the great prophet of Israel, who used to say the hardest thing in the world for a man to know, was himself. It was adopted by the Greeks, and in the course of time it was inscribed, in the temple at Delphos, in golden letters, and finally secured the dignity and authority of one of the divine oracles said to issue therefrom. The more superstitious and credulous of the Grecians were wont to ascribe its origin to Apollo himself. For this belief Cicero accounts by saying it was "because it hath such a weight of sense and wisdom in it as appears too great for mortal man." There is nothing people are more deficient in than their own characters. They spend a great deal of time in learning useless things, but take no pains to study themselves! And it is worthy of remark that God himself is represented by the prophet above named, as attributing the apostacy of his chosen people to their neglect of this indispensable study, in the expression, "My people do not consider;" while Moses, in the tenth chapter of Exodus, exhorts, "Take heed to *thyself!*"—a phrase almost identical in significance with a celebrated saying of the Greeks, translated by Pope into the familiar words of the poet—

> '*Know, then, thyself!* Presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of mankind is man."

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER says she knows by experience that the application of a *cotton* bandage to a cut or wound is improper, and that it should always be of *linen;* but she does not know the *reason why*, and therefore she wants the LEDGER, which, she informs us, is her pet paper, to explain the matter for her. The reason is this: the fibres of which linen is composed are perfectly rounded, soft, and pliable, and, from the porous quality of its texture it easily absorbs the blood or matter which issues from the wounded flesh. Cotton, on the contrary, is apt to irritate a wound or a grazed skin, because its fibres are flat, and have sharp edges, and it has not the power of absorbing moisture to anything like the extent which linen has. It is for these reasons that the use of cotton in such cases is injurious.

J. C. K.—Let your workmen sing at their toil, if they wish to do so. It lightens their labors very much, keeps up their spirits, and enables them to do far more work, year in and year out, than they could do without the exhileration of song. Music aids all kinds of simultaneous toil, as is well known on shipboard, on Southern plantations, and among nearly all the laborers of continental Europe. The Germans thresh by music, with a perfect regard to time, in all the alterations of triple and common measure. They sometimes amuse themselves by imitating all the gradations of soft, loud, mezzo, pianissimo, and fortissimo, and convert what would be downright drudgery in America, to a prolonged and playful frolic. Let your workmen sing as much as they please.

LIGMA.—As you say your nephew is passionately fond of the study of astronomy, why not select a telescope for his birthday present. A superior one, with a three-inch object glass, and five feet length of tube, could be got for about $100. With such an instrument he could separate the north star, and penetrate far enough into the telescopic heavens to gratify his ambition in that direction for many years to come, as with it he can see the rings of Saturn, the moons of the planets, and unfold thousands of beauties and wonders unknown to the naked eye. What is known as the "Dolland telescope" is the best, but in order to insure a good instrument you should have some experienced person "try it on" the north star, the moon, the pleiades, &c., at night.

RUFUS.—You should not take the advice of everybody who pretends to be a physician, especially if his advice is against the dictates of common sense. Cold water is undoubtedly a very good thing when it is properly taken, but it is not a universal panacea for all the ills of life. And in these sweltering days, the "doctor" who advises you to drink as much ice-water as you can, no matter whether you are cool or freely perspiring, goes in direct opposition to all human experience. During the hottest days of summer much caution is necessary in regard to the drinking of ice-water, and it should not be taken in inordinate quantities at any time.

VEXATION.—You should keep your temper. Scolding never yet effected any good with a woman; and if you fret and scold at your wife for "too much visiting," she will roam all the more. Be amiable and attentive to her, and she will be far more likely to stay at home than if you attempt to exert your authority. Women laugh at that sort of thing now-a-days. Besides, do you not remember what one who is an authority in such matters has said?—

> "We hold our grayhound in our hand,
> Our falcon on our glove;
> But where shall we find leash or band
> For *dame* who likes to rove?"

MABELLE.—You had better take your father's advice, and, instead of "going the round" of the watering-places this season, retire far into the country, and spend the summer months in rambling over hills and scouring across country on horseback, and live on the simple and wholesome diet of well-to-do farmers. Then you will come back to town with such elasticity in your step and such roses in your cheeks as will excite the envy of all the watering-place belles of your acquaintance.

A YOUNG COUPLE want to know which will give a person the most happiness or pleasure—work, or play? staying at home, or visiting and running about? We cannot answer this question specifically, for neither work nor play is in itself agreeable, if work be understood to be labor merely, and play diversion from it. That employment is always most agreeable which combines the two; and we all very promptly remark of any man who is fond of his employment that he is sure to succeed, for his heart is in it; whereas, the merchant or mechanic who neglects his business for any kind of "play" is at once set down as doomed to bankruptcy ere long, if a worse fate than even that be not in store for him. Every man should make his employment his pleasure; he should fear and distrust every symptom of alienation of heart from his business. It is the root of a disease which grows apace, and very speedily brings a man to ruin. So with a woman. Home should always be the scene of her greatest pleasures. The "gad-about" is neither happy herself nor the cause of happiness to her family. A little sight-seeing, at times, is good for the spirits, and affords an agreeable topic for domestic conversation. But a mother who is restless at home—who must always be dining out or dancing out, or seeing spectacles, or hearing concerts, or paying morning visits, and circulating and collecting gossip, is a profligate woman, however chaste, and has lost her character of matron, if she ever had it. Her children will never bless her, nor will her memory be honored. Moreover, she is not so happy, either at home or abroad, as she whose duties and amusements are identical—whose work is her play. Let our "young couple" take these truths to heart.

EMILINE.—There were no watches or clocks in the days of the Apostles, nor any division of the day into hours, minutes, seconds, &c. We are so accustomed to such a division of time, that it hardly occurs to us that it has not always been customary. But the fact is, that prior to the Christian era the great mass of the people only knew of the grand divisions of morning, noon, and night, and even the most cultivated persons had no such accurate divisions of time as we are familiar with. The ancient inhabitants of Germany and Northern Europe knew nothing about the division of the day into hours, and the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans long wanted this important help to regulate their occupations. It is not known precisely when clocks and watches were invented, but they were somewhat in use prior to the year 1000. They were articles of great curiosity at first. In the year 1370 Charles V. of France, surnamed "the Wise," gave one Henry von Wick, a famous clock-maker, great emoluments to come from Germany to Paris, and make a large clock for the steeple of his Royal Palace. In 1334 a "steeple-clock" was made in Padua, in Upper Italy, which struck all the hours, and was an object of wonder and even of superstition to the whole country. The first watches were larger than such as are made now-a-days, and were of the shape of an egg. In fact, they were called "Nuremberg eggs," most of them being made in Nuremberg, in Germany. But the cunning makers soon learned to make them small; and the Emperor, Charles V., (about 1580,) had one in his finger-ring, and soon after the ladies began to wear watches of diminutive size for earrings.

G. R. Y.—Your teacher is mistaken by some twenty years. Quakers were first seen in America in the year 1656. In that year Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, two members of that sect, arrived in Boston, and after much deliberation on the part of the authorities, they were sent back to England. During the following year great numbers of these excellent people arrived in Massachusetts, and the persecution of them waxed severe. In 1658 they were banished from the colony on pain of death, and finally William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, Nicholas Davis, Mary Dyar, and William Leddra, leading members of the society of Friends, or Quakers, were hanged in Boston, "for heresy." In regard to this, and other similar acts of tyranny, we have only to say, *that persecution is not a matter of sect, but of human nature.* Every sect, whether Christian or pagan, that has got supreme control, has been led into the persecution of those who rejected their doctrines. There have always been people—and good people, too—who believed in "purifying with fire, or hemp, or the headsman's ax;" and there are many now who think that nothing would do the Christian world so much good as a terrific persecution. We have always observed, however, that such people do not think persecution would do *them* good, how beneficial soever it might be for their neighbors.

JOSEPHINE.—You were very imprudent. The practice of young ladies, in making a display of their voices and talents in company, is not less dangerous than the Spanish fashion, which led them into the exposure of all their personal charms. Nor is the ostentatious display of the endowments of the mind less indecorous than that of personal beauties; for it causes the world to talk too much of a woman. Depend upon it that she who is least talked of is either the most virtuous or the most prudent, and certainly the happiest of her sex. It seems as if society was now striving to withdraw, more and more, the vail which nature has thrown over the fair sex. The flower expands with a superior brilliancy in the sun, but the sun more speedily dries up the dew, which, while covering the flower, hightens its beauty and its fragrance.

PERSECUTION.—Yours is not a case of persecution, but of just retribution. The faculty did right in expelling you from the academy. A boy who would put a dead snake in the bed of a poor, nervous, sick little fellow-student, who cannot bear the sight of a reptile, ought not only to be expelled from the institution, but should be severely punished otherwise. Your plea that you "only did it as a practical joke," fails altogether to meet the case. He who can look upon the terrible sufferings of a sick comrade, occasioned by the discovery of what he supposes to be a deadly serpent in his bed, *as a joke*, betrays a degree of inhumanity which must excite feelings of unutterable disgust in the bosom of every right-minded person. Practical jokes of every description are reprehensible. They are almost certain to lead to some calamity.

JASMINE.—You probably can not do anything to make your truant lover return to his allegiance. A man of strong moral principle, who has once plighted his faith with a woman, will remain true to his vows, even should he afterward see another whom he feels he could love more dearly. But a man who is destitute of moral principle, as your lover seems to be, can only be governed by attraction, by fear, or by self interest. So, if your rival is richer than you are, or is to him more attractive, you can never regain your influence over him, unless, for some cause or other, he *dare* not greatly offend you. Our advice is, that you should let him go, and be thankful for your riddance of him. An unprincipled or a vacillating man can not make a happy home for any woman.

HETTY.—You must take better care of your flowers, if you would have them thrive. The gorgeous flower you refer to is not *piney* (pie ny) but *peony*, pronounced *pee-o-ny*. The bachelor's button is a species of renunculus. There are a great many varieties of it, such as double white flowered and double yellow flowered. Some are large and some small. Some flower early and some late, as some bachelors marry early and others when well stricken in years. A celebrated female botanist says the different varieties of the bachelor's button are all very handsome and desirable—more, we fear, than can be said of the bachelors themselves.

SUSANNAH.—You should of course play such music as your father wishes you to perform, rather than such as your teacher recommends. Your father is probably not what is called a "cultivated musician," and cannot enjoy highly artistic and involved music, hence his difference in taste and opinion with your teacher. The old gentleman, when he comes home at night wearied out with the harrassing toils of the day, wants to hear simple and lively airs, that will cheer him up and invigorate his drooping energies: and you should play such for him, no matter how much your teacher may sneer at them.

B. B. B.—You must keep your "favorite Newfoundland" at home during the dog-days, or else he will almost certainly be brought to an untimely end by the profuse application of croton, at the dog-pound. They drown all manner of dogs there, which are not reclaimed by their owners before sundown of the day on which they are taken thither. Your anathemas against the "dog-law" are as foolish as they are ineffectual. It is necessary that the community should be protected against danger from mad dogs, and the whole canine race are not worth the imperiling of one human life by the terrible disease of hydrophobia.

JONATHAN.—Whether you had better go through college and run the risk of the young lady's "waiting for you," or whether you would act wisely to enter upon more active business and marry the girl at once, is a question which you alone can decide, as you alone know *all* the circumstances. At your age, a delay of four or five years in your matrimonial designs would do you no harm.

D. L. S. H.—Such a short person as you describe yourself to be should not write such a long letter. We cannot afford to wade through page after page of preliminary and collateral matter to get at the main idea. Correspondents should dash at what they want to say at once, without compliments, excuses or explanations.

AL MOORAD.—You had better pursue a manly, straightforward course. No good ever comes of trickery. Cunning is a distinguishing characteristic of inferior, mean, and unprincipled beings. The Indians of our forests, the Thugs of India, the rogues and rascals of all lands, are noted for their cunning.

PETER.—You should of course pay for the young lady's miniature, if you ask her for it. Had she voluntarily offered it to you, the case would be different. You should never ask a favor of a lady, and then make her pay the expenses of granting it.

P. L.—The art of taking pictures by what is known as the Daguerrean process is named from Daguerre, who was the inventor of it: hence daguerreotype, and the other derivatives used in speaking of the art, its action, results, etc.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*